

# THE UTAH WAR

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Journal of  
ALBERT TRACY



# UTAH HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

J. CECIL ALTER  
*Editor*

Vol XIII  
1945



Utah State Historical Society  
337 State Capitol  
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1945

# Utah State Historical Society

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**In Memoriam**



**Herbert S. Auerbach**

**1882-1945**









HERBERT S. AUERBACH

OCTOBER 4, 1882—MARCH 19, 1945



## HERBERT S. AUERBACH

October 4, 1882

March 19, 1945

Two well known adages were abundantly exemplified in the life of Herbert Samuel Auerbach: "If you want to get anything done, ask a busy man to do it," and, "To live two or more lifetimes in one, attend to the things you like best to do."

Though Mr. Auerbach was one of Utah's busiest and most successful men, as a leading merchant, real estate operator, banker, mining engineer, civic promoter, musician, and student of western history, he nevertheless was induced to accept appointment on the Board of Control, Utah State Historical Society in 1936, and was at once elected President, being reappointed and reelected in 1940 and 1944.

The Society's presidency became for him the doorway to a number of cherished opportunities and achievements in historical contacts, research, and publication, as a natural result of his keen interest in the pageant of western history, and more especially the 88-year span covered by the Auerbach Company.

The Historical Society prospered under President Auerbach's prestige and leadership as in no other period of its existence; and his own literary contributions to the *Quarterly*, prepared in most cases at a lavish personal cost of time and money, for original copies, translations, art work, and plates, form a most appropriate monument to him as well as a key to his interests, his capabilities, and his character.

Herbert Samuel Auerbach was born in Salt Lake City, October 4, 1882, to Samuel H. and Eveline Brooks Auerbach, his father being a member of the pioneer merchandising firm of F. Auerbach & Brother. The Auerbach Company is one of the oldest and most successful department stores in the country under the ownership and management of one family.

Inheriting a philosophical perspective, Mr. Auerbach's outstanding successes were attributed by his Rabbi to his instinctive quest for "Those things which unite men, rather than the differences which break them up into sects." Thus Mr. Auerbach's funeral (March 23, 1945) was held, not in the Jewish Synagogue, but in the larger Assembly Hall of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, where leaders and lay members of all religious faiths, and devoted friends of no affiliation, paid parting respects.

He received his early education in the Salt Lake City public schools, and in 1897 went abroad to study in the Fresenius Laboratories and the J. J. Meier School, at Wiesbaden, Germany, and at the Conservatory of Music and Lausanne Technical School, Lausanne, Switzerland, in 1900 and 1901. After graduating he toured the concert stage in Europe as a violinist. He then entered the Columbia University School of Mines, in New York City, from which he was graduated in 1905, and where he obtained his Master's Degree in electrometallurgy in 1906.

For several years he was consulting engineer and in charge of mining properties in Colorado and Idaho, but reverted with increasing frequency to merchandising and real estate management in Salt Lake City, where the family had extensive interests. From 1911 he devoted all his time to the family holdings, becoming president of Auerbach Company department store, Auerbach Realty Company, and Brooks Company. Unmarried, he resided at 368 South State Street, in the Brooks Arcade, when not sojourning with his sisters in New York or at seasonal seaside resorts.

With the aid of his younger brothers, George and Fred, the Auerbach Company was expanded steadily, maintaining its position as one of the West's greater stores. But the passing of George in 1928 and of Fred in 1938 left "Mr. Herbert," as his staff and associates affectionately called him, in sole charge. His most ambitious enterprise, after the store was moved from Main Street to State Street, was designing and building the Centre Theatre, the largest and one of the best equipped motion picture houses in the city.

Mr. Auerbach's keen interest in pioneer lore was sharpened by his personal travels over the mountains and streams of the West, as a mining engineer and as a fishing and hunting sportsman, and especially by his recollection of the thrilling experiences of his father and his uncle Frederick as itinerant though substantial merchants in California (1857-62), Nevada (1863-64), and in Utah from 1864.

Thus his interest in western history became much more than a hobby, in the pursuit of which The Herbert S. Auerbach Collection of books, manuscripts, maps, documents, and pictures of the Old West, gathered through the years, became a veritable treasure-trove.

The historical productions that probably gave him the greatest personal satisfaction were the two pictorial brochures, "75 Years" (1939) and "The 80th Anniversary of Auerbach



Company" (1944), a more comprehensive pamphlet of 48 quarto pages. Both are enriched with rare, original woodcuts, drawings, and photographs, showing pictorially and with brief text the early progress of Auerbach Company and the contemporaneous settlement and growth of Utah.

But some of his best literary work was on early western travels, more especially of the Spanish Padres, who preceded the Utah Pioneers into the Great Basin. "Old Trails, Old Forts, Old Trappers and Traders," "Father Escalante's Route," and "Father Escalante's Itinerary," were published in the *Utah Historical Quarterly* in 1941. His most excellent work, "Father Escalante's Journal 1776-77," appeared in 1943, translated from the original Spanish. He published W. A. Ferris' *Life In The Rocky Mountains* in 1940.

Mr. Auerbach spoke French and German, and became a competent translator of early Spanish documents. His poetry was rather widely published in the West, being largely of the West; and this accomplishment, along with his musical talent, led him in later years to the writing of ballads and religious songs, of which more than one hundred have been published. Some of these were written in collaboration with Anthony C. Lund, Latter-day Saint Tabernacle Choir leader.

One of his most valuable historical collections was the furniture, family utensils, and other relics of the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, laboriously picked up piece by piece and year by year in out-of-the-way places in Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and New York, where the prophet had lived. After being exhibited for some time in the Auerbach Store, this collection was presented to the general authorities of the Latter-day Saints Church, with characteristic generosity.

Mr. Auerbach was especially interested in the "Annual Old Folks' Day" held at Liberty Park for many years in Salt Lake City. He loved to distribute at these gatherings, baskets of fruit and foodstuffs grown on his own Meadowbrook fruit farm or selected in his grocery department. This gesture to the aged was a deeply felt tribute, tracing directly to the memory of his own parents.

Mr. Auerbach's philanthropies were extensive and varied, but were usually in the form of employment opportunities wherein the special skills of some one in temporary need were utilized in a worthy activity. But "Mr. Herbert" will also be remembered by hundreds of other beneficiaries, who received gracious tokens of his appreciation. Invariably these acts were without ostentation, and were usually unknown even to his more intimate associates.

Elected to the board of regents of the University of Utah in 1917, he resigned and enlisted in the Army at the beginning of World War I, serving as major in the Ordnance Department until 1919, and he retained his membership in the Army Ordnance Association until 1941. He was a member of the Alta and Timpanogos Clubs, both of Salt Lake City, and served as director of the Alta Club for a three-year term beginning in 1937. He was a member of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce continuously from 1910. As a Rotarian he held office as second vice president and president, and he was also a member of Salt Lake Post No. 2, American Legion. He filled several terms as vice president and president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, and by invitation was made a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Mr. Auerbach's business affiliations included: director, United States Fidelity and Guarantee Co., 1912 to 1917; director, Utah Power & Light Co., 1919 to 1934; and chairman, Federal Reserve Board, Salt Lake City Branch, 1937 and 1941, and director 1938 to 1940. He served a term as director of the Mayor's Water Advisory Council beginning in 1931, and became a member of the Metropolitan Water Board of Salt Lake City when it was organized in 1935, and served as chairman from 1935 to 1940, continuing as member until 1942. He was twice elected Utah State Senator in 1925 and 1927, on the Republican ticket. He was a director of the Colorado River Great Basin Water Users Association, 1941-42, and was president of the Utah State Shippers' Association from 1927 to 1932.

He died after a brief illness on March 19, 1945. Surviving are four sisters: Miss Bessie Auerbach, Miss Jennie Auerbach, Mrs. Gerard B. (Madeline) Werner, and Mrs. Gustav L. (Selma) Mohr, all of New York City; and several nieces and nephews. One sister, Mrs. Joseph Siegel, died in 1923. His father, Samuel H. Auerbach died June 4, 1920.

At the funeral, Mrs. Joseph Fielding Smith, wife of the Latter-day Saints Church Historian and member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, accompanied by Dr. Frank W. Asper, Tabernacle organist, appropriately sang, "To Every Heart Must Come Some Sorrow," the words and music of which were composed by the deceased. Burial was in B'Nai Israel Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Utah State Historical Society mourns his loss and pays tribute to his memory.

—J. Cecil Alter, Editor.

# THE UTAH WAR



Journal of  
ALBERT TRACY

1858 - 1860





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Camp Scott from the Southwest  
Spy Outpost - Fat Bridge at the right -  
Jan. 5, 1858

CAMP SCOTT FROM THE SOUTHEAST, JANUARY 5, 1858



# Utah State Historical Society

State Capitol—Salt Lake City, Utah

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## JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN ALBERT TRACY

1858-1860

### INTRODUCTION

The diary of Albert Tracy (Haddock), published as Volume XIII (1945) of the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, is a document of unusual interest to students of Western history. An officer in the army of General Albert Sidney Johnston during the Utah Expedition, Tracy in his account throws fresh light on many of the events of that chapter of Utah's history, and in spite of his partisan viewpoint, he reveals in intimate detail the daily life of the army along the march and in camp. It is a companion volume to the diary and correspondence of Captain Jesse A. Gove, Tracy's fellow officer, published as *The Utah Expedition* by the New Hampshire Historical Society in 1928. Together they are prime sources for the inner history of the Utah War.

It was through the scholarly efforts of the late Herbert S. Auerbach, president of the Utah State Historical Society, that publication of the manuscript was made possible. The original journal, together with Captain Tracy's drawings, a number of which are herewith reproduced, is deposited in the New York Public Library. Mr. Auerbach, recognizing its importance, arranged for photostatic reproductions and had undertaken its preparation for publication when death intervened. Final editing of the manuscript was done by J. Cecil Alter, editor of the *Quarterly*, and the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Dwyer. For extensive research and valuable cooperation, gratitude is due Robert W. Hill, keeper of manuscripts, of the New York Public Library, also Paul North Rice, reference librarian, and Sylvester Vigilante, custodian of the American History room, for their gracious courtesy; and Miss Marguerite Locke Sinclair, secretary of the Utah State Historical Society, for assistance and editorial counsel.

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Albert Tracy (Haddock), author of the journal, was born in Buffalo, New York, April 28, 1818. Early in life, as he informs us, he assumed the name of the family benefactor and friend, Albert H. Tracy, a prominent lawyer, civic leader, and politician of his native city. This might suggest, though he nowhere indicates it, either the early death of his father or family differences. While Tracy mentions his boyhood as having been spent in

Canada, and his army record shows that he enlisted in Maine. Buffalo seems to have been his family home. He refers to the death of his mother and a brother, Charles, as having occurred there during the westward march of the Utah Expedition. His wife, Sarah, was a daughter of a Portland, Maine, family. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of the Infantry, Feb. 24, 1847, and on April 9 was assigned to the 9th Infantry. For "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec," he was brevetted a Captain on Sept. 13, 1847, and was advanced to full grade Feb. 23, 1848. He resigned his commission on Aug. 26 of that year, and returned to civil life.

Through the good offices of President Franklin Pierce, with whom he enjoyed close acquaintance, he resumed his commission as a Captain of the 10th Infantry, on March 3, 1855, and was assigned to Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, Minn. When the Utah Expedition was organized, in 1857, he was placed in command of Company H at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory. His wife left Fort Snelling on June 4 of that year for her home in Portland, and there a son, Parris, was born on Aug. 8, when Tracy was on the plains.

Sarah Tracy seems to have been a woman of some resourcefulness. Eager for her husband's return from the frontier, she went to Washington in 1859, and obtained for him a military leave of absence which his patron and benefactor, Albert H. Tracy, had applied for in vain.

Captain Tracy is mentioned occasionally in the diary and letters of Captain Jesse A. Gove. In a letter to his wife, written near South Pass, Wyoming, Sept. 23, 1857, Gove remarks, "Captain Tracy has a boy. Wife in Portland. Write her; she will be delighted to hear from you." Relations between the two appear to have been cordial, if not intimate, but a definite falling out occurred on July 8, 1858, according to Gove's journal, while they were encamped near Lehi, Utah. Trivial though the occasion was, Gove devotes some space to it, indicating his disquietude over the estrangement:

Tracy I do not speak to at all. He has brought it all about of his own accord. \* \* \* It results from an extreme jealousy that I am preferred in all important duties over his head. \* \* \* He isolates himself from everyone at times. He ceased speaking to me of his own accord, and when I became satisfied of his ungentlemanly conduct I dropped him, and my course is highly approved by every officer in the regiment. He is the last man to cut me, for everyone says that I defended Tracy on the score of his eccentricity when no one else would.

I find no inconvenience in being where he is, for I never think of speaking to him any more than though he was not present. If he ever ill treats me I shall make him know his place with all that determination that has matured in my mind for 12 months bad usage. I care nothing for him. He is alone by his own choice. He must suffer by it. With that exception the utmost harmony prevails in the regiment.

It may be thought that Captain Gove protests a little too much. Few if any traces of misanthropy appear in Tracy's account of himself, although his absorption in his hobbies, water coloring and pen sketching, may have created an impression of unsociability. He was, however, a close friend of Captain John Wolcott Phelps, whose journal, preserved in the New York Public Library, reveals an extraordinary but highly neurotic personality.

Pictures from Tracy's improvised easel, sketched as opportunity afforded, were constantly filed in his trunk or sent East to his wife and friends. He speaks, indeed, of sending several to various publications, and on one occasion asks Sarah to look for them in *Harper's Weekly*, which was then featuring articles on the Utah campaign. The pictures reproduced here have never been published previously. He mentions others not found in this collection, but apparently they have not been preserved. Fortunate it is for historical purposes that Tracy's interest turned to telling in pictures the story of the unique expedition, the countryside traversed, the routes travelled, the encampments and the army scenes in general. Here, as nowhere else, the Utah Expedition takes on life.

The portion of the journal preserved begins March 24, 1858, and ends with the entry for July 6, 1862. Presumably the earlier pages were lost, either during the campaign or through subsequent carelessness or accident. The original journal was re-copied in 1876, as a note on a blank page, following the entry of April 12, 1860, indicates. The portion published herewith ends with Tracy's return to Washington from Utah, April 30, 1860.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, Tracy resumed his military career, and was named Colonel Adjutant Aide de Camp on March 31, 1862, at which time he was serving under General John C. Fremont in the West Virginia campaign. He received his Majority in the 15th Infantry on June 1, 1863, and was discharged as Colonel Adjutant in November of that year. He was brevetted Lt. Colonel for meritorious services, and on March 13, 1865, was brevetted Colonel. He retired on Nov. 4, 1865. Details of his subsequent life are obscure. He died on June 3, 1893.



The literature on the Utah War is fairly extensive, though a definite study is lacking. A brief resume of the causes leading up to the so-called "invasion" of Utah by federal troops may not be out of place here.

President James Buchanan, in his message to Congress dated Dec. 8, 1857, after that body had assembled, set forth the official explanation of the action. According to this document, during the seven years since the establishment of territorial government in Utah, a gradual estrangement had developed between the Mormon governor and ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Brigham Young, and the non-Mormon appointed officials, consisting of the secretary, the three judges of the District Court, the federal marshal and the district attorney. Inasmuch as Young was simultaneously president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Buchanan considered that "his power was therefore absolute for both Church and state."

Brigham Young and the other federal officers, Buchanan continued, had not collaborated; indeed, "all the officers of the United States, Judicial and Executive, . . . have found it necessary for their own personal safety to withdraw from the Territory; and there no longer remains any Government in Utah, but the despotism of Brigham Young. . . . The people of Utah almost exclusively belong to this [the Mormon] Church and . . . they obey his commands as if they were direct revelations from heaven. If therefore he chooses that his government shall come into collision with the government of the United States, the members of the Mormon Church will yield implicit obedience to his will. Unfortunately existing facts leave but little doubt that such is his determination.

"This being the condition of affairs in the Territory, I could not mistake the path of duty as Chief Executive Magistrate. I was bound to restore the supremacy of the Constitution and laws within its limits. In order to effect this purpose, I appointed a new Governor and other federal officers for Utah, and sent with them a military force for their protection, and to act as a *posse comitatus*, in case of need, in the execution of the laws."

A Georgian, Alfred Cumming, was the new governor. An army originally numbering 3,000 officers and enlisted men was placed under the temporary charge of Captain Stuart Van Vliet, and ordered to proceed from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, to Utah *via* the overland trail. The freighting company of Russell, Majors and Waddell was commissioned to transport baggage and supplies. The freighting outfit alone employed some 360 men, 312 wagons, 75 camp followers (laundresses, etc.), 48 mules, and 3,250 oxen, moving in twelve separate trains. In addition, there were several sub-contractors employed, working in units of 26 wagons to each train.

Van Vliet was instructed to precede the army to Utah, to arrive at an understanding with Brigham Young, and to arrange for military accommodations. The actual command thus devolved upon Colonel E. B. Alexander, who led the troops into the mountains. Due to the difficulties of transportation, regular military formation was out of the question, and the units were soon spread out over hundreds of miles along the trail across the wastes of Nebraska and Wyoming. The brilliant Albert Sidney Johnston was appointed to command the army on Sept. 1, 1857, but was unable to assume personal charge until November, when the head of the column had arrived at Camp Scott, near old Fort Bridger, Wyoming.

In Utah, Brigham Young assured Van Vliet that his people had been ill-treated and imposed upon by wholly incompetent officials, and were guiltless of any wrong. Nevertheless, as he declared to the Mormon conference gathered in Great Salt Lake City, "We are invaded by a hostile force, who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction." He gave instructions to the members of the Nauvoo Legion, the territorial militia, to "hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasion, and . . . martial law is hereby declared to exist." (Sept. 15, 1857.)

Mormon scouts followed Van Vliet back to the advancing trains, occupied points of vantage in the mountain passes, and established communications between the various units of the Nauvoo Legion sent to guard the approaches to Utah. Commandos of these scouts harassed the freighters and troops, shadowed all movements of the army, stampeded livestock, blockaded river fords, fortified narrow canyons, burned pasturage over wide areas, and even carried their obstructionist tactics to the point of attacking and firing a number of the heavy baggage wagons. While the damage inflicted was not great, the scouts succeeded in their objective of slowing up the progress of the unwieldy army, and forced Johnston to delay his entry into the Salt Lake Valley until the following summer. The winter spent at Camp Scott (Fort Bridger had been destroyed by the Mormons) was rendered decidedly unpleasant due to the lack of a number of useful articles destroyed by the "Danites," as the scouts were sometimes called.

Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that Tracy's journal should reflect a certain bitterness toward the relative incompetence of the command, at least up until the arrival of Albert Sidney Johnston. It may have been, too, that in the confusion attending the march—of men losing the very horses and saddles beneath them—that the earlier pages of the journal were lost or destroyed.









My Tent at Camp Scott (Lower Camp) with the two little "prairie dogs" that looked at me very impudently  
 as I made the sketch,  
 A. J. Penell '58

TRACY'S TENT AT CAMP SCOTT, JUNE 11, 1858

# JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN ALBERT TRACY

1858

March 24\*

There was quite a fall of snow in Camp last night, but it melts today, and something like a milder condition of the weather becomes generally perceptible. It is well for us, for we are coming to be short of clothing. The men go about in pantaloons patched with pieces of cast off coats, of a darker blue, and some of bits of blanket. For stockings, many have adopted the sleeves of coats, making an elbow, like a stove-pipe, and sewing up one end for the toe. The shoes worn, are, many of them, as far past description as mending.

A certain Mr. Roop, finding it for his interest, to bring forward some supplies for Salt Lake City, secreted in among his goods, a considerable quantity of rifle-powder. This fact coming to the knowledge of Colonel Johnson, he forthwith confiscated the powder, which we are to have made up into cartridges. It is regarded as one of the best things Roop has done of late in his own behalf, to leave camp suddenly.

March 27

Salt! It is but a few days since, that an inspection of the soup in my company kettles, the odor thereof, made up as it is, from the perfectly black and rotting beef of our November slaughter, and with no sign of seasoning—compelled me absolutely to turn aside my head. How the men can partake of such I fail to understand. At any poor-house or jail within the limits of the land at the east, the proffer of any similar soup for human consumption, would bring keeper or superin-

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\*The army, commanded by Col. Albert Sidney Johnston (Tracy, it will be noted, consistently spells the name "Johnson"), had established winter quarters at Camp Scott, about five miles above Jim Bridger's old fort and trading post. The vanguard arrived there on Nov. 16, 1857. Poor logistics and bitter winter weather as well as the success of Mormon scouts in burning several of the provision trains, caused much suffering for both officers and enlisted men during the succeeding months.

<sup>1</sup>Salt was one of the articles whose loss in the destruction of the wagon trains was most keenly felt, as Tracy loudly laments in the early pages of this journal. Brigham Young, hearing of the army's need of salt, dispatched a load of it to General Johnston, who, standing on military propriety, austere-ly refused the gift.

tendent suddenly to indictment. Upon my own part, I have sometime since disposed of my surreptitious pound, and some of a single salt-cellar full—about a tablespoonful—divided with me by McNabb.<sup>3</sup> Howbeit, relief has arrived at last for us all, in the form of some bags sent up from Laramie, as well as gathered upon the way, where Cooke<sup>4</sup> had cast them off upon his march up. A supply of six ounces per day for fifty days has been issued to the Company, while to myself, among the other officers, has been allowed about a pint. We are rejoiced accordingly, and I partake of my own proportion in the form of pinches. Such is the craving—which nothing else can satisfy! And the men are actually singing about camp.

April 1, 1858

On outpost firstly upon the bluff or mound beyond the bridge, my subaltern being McNabb. At eleven of the morning the Field Officer of the Day—Canby<sup>5</sup>—notifies me that we will draw in our lines at sunset, and I have a lengthened tour with him to designate the points at which I will establish sub-pickets and sentinels. At sunset we receive tents from the Quartermaster, and with a detail of trusty men, pitch the same upon a smooth, grassy place, upon the interior line pointed out. Thus far, very well, but when, after a night of entire wakefulness and no little fatigue, Canby directs us to move backward the whole affair, and we establish ourselves at and about the original knoll, I am compelled to say that, for once, the men appeared to move with ill-temper and reluctance. It

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<sup>3</sup>Lt. John McNab, 10th Infantry. A native of Vermont, he had received his commission Aug. 3, 1847. Except as otherwise indicated the officers mentioned by Tracy are listed in Otis G. Hammond, ed., *The Utah Expedition* (Concord, N. H., 1928), pp. 399-417.

<sup>4</sup>Col. Philip St. George Cooke, in command of the 2nd Dragoons. Scion of one of Virginia's foremost families, Cooke had already had dealings with the Mormons, since he was in command of the Mormon Battalion on its march between Santa Fe and California during the War with Mexico. In 1861 he elected to remain loyal to the Union, and in 1865 was brevetted Major General for meritorious service. Cooke's command arrived at Camp Scott Nov. 19, 1857, escorting Alfred Cumming, newly appointed territorial governor of Utah, and D. R. Eckles, chief justice of the federal court. Cumming and Eckles established their headquarters two miles west of the camp.

<sup>5</sup>Major Edward R. S. Canby, a Kentuckian, commissioned July 1, 1839. He had distinguished himself during the Mexican War, and on March 13, 1865, was brevetted Major General for his gallantry during the War between the States. He was in command of the force at Camp Scott from Aug. 17, 1858, to March 6, 1860. On April 11, 1873, he was murdered by a band of Modoc Indians in Oregon.



is one of Canby's vagaries, and were it to rest with the trouble and botherment inflicted upon himself alone, there could be no fault to find. Dragging in with him, the whole of an outpost, with no apparent good military reason or necessity—it doesn't add to Canby's really worthy standing. And so much for a grumble of the first order. In the meantime, being relieved at last by Tidball,<sup>5</sup> we all came in glad enough to gain a little rest and repose.

Stopped a fellow coming upon a private speculation with salt yesterday. The commissary would not purchase, but the Sutler<sup>6</sup> did, and so when our little allowance gives out, we will have an opportunity of procuring a re-supply at Sutler's rates. What these are, was illustrated but recently in the matter of ink. I saw one of my men paying fifty cents for a bottle to be had all over the states for five cents. Remembering that I had in store some ink powders, issued in my allowance of stationery, I soon after set the Sergeant at work brewing a bottle for each tent, and now the soger boys have ink enough to indite all their thoughts, at certainly a less percentage to the line. Made an effort a few days since to procure some shoes for the men. The number on hand for issue in the regiment was but seventy pairs, and I received but very few—what we are to do unless a supply comes up, were difficult to determine—for our men traverse the camp well-nigh barefoot. If we can do no better, we can at least hope.

### April 7, 1858

There came a fall of snow last night, with a blustering heavy wind, and being on my return from a visit to 'Talmadge,'<sup>7</sup> of the Artillery, I became bewildered, and in spite of having a lantern, got absolutely lost. It is a wild, weird feeling, this losing of every point of the compass, and having no capability to determine the direction we ought to take. I floundered about for some time in the increasing drifts, and wondered if I were not heading actually for the bluffs, where I might perish, for that matter, before morning. Suddenly a dim light, hazy

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<sup>5</sup>Captain Joseph L. Tidball, a Pennsylvanian, commissioned Mar. 31, 1850.

<sup>6</sup>The sutler referred to was William A. Carter. After the army proceeded to Utah, he remained at Fort Bridger, and was the only sutler at that post during the period of its military existence, until 1890. He became a prominent citizen of Wyoming; and as a post-trader, general storekeeper, farmer and stockman, acquired considerable wealth in later years.

<sup>7</sup>1st Lt. Grier Tallmadge, of New York City, commissioned July 1, 1848.



as the sun through a New England fog, broke in upon my vision, waxing gradually until it developed itself in the form of the rays of a candle, through a tent in the volunteer camp. I entered, almost without knocking, and the surprise of Captain Bee,\* at the snow upon my beard and shoulders, not to say with my presence anyhow, at that hour of the night—took an emphatically demonstrative form. "As you don't visit us very often, however," says Bee, "suppose you take a drink, to assure yourself and Jimmy (that's Hill)<sup>9</sup> and me, that it's really you." So I partook of my moderate portion, and being directed upon my way, reached soon the encampment of Company H, and therein the tent of the Captain. Not without thanks, however, to Bee, and to the better fortune that directed me through the pitch dark and the blinding storm to the locality of something human.

Yesterday about a hundred Indians, of the Shoshone, or Snakes, came into camp with one Ben Simonds,<sup>10</sup> a Delaware, and sort of Chief. They report a camp of Mormons by Yellow Creek, about thirty-five miles hence, in the direction of Echo Cañon. Judging from the extent of their camp, the number of Mormons was estimated at about two thousand.<sup>11</sup> Cumming, Governor of the Territory of Utah, who has been sojourning with us since November, departed some three or four days since for Salt Lake City—with what view, or upon what understanding with the Mormons, we have not had developed unto us.<sup>12</sup> For the want of shoes, my men have come to be nearly all barefoot. A few moccasins have been picked up, at fabu-

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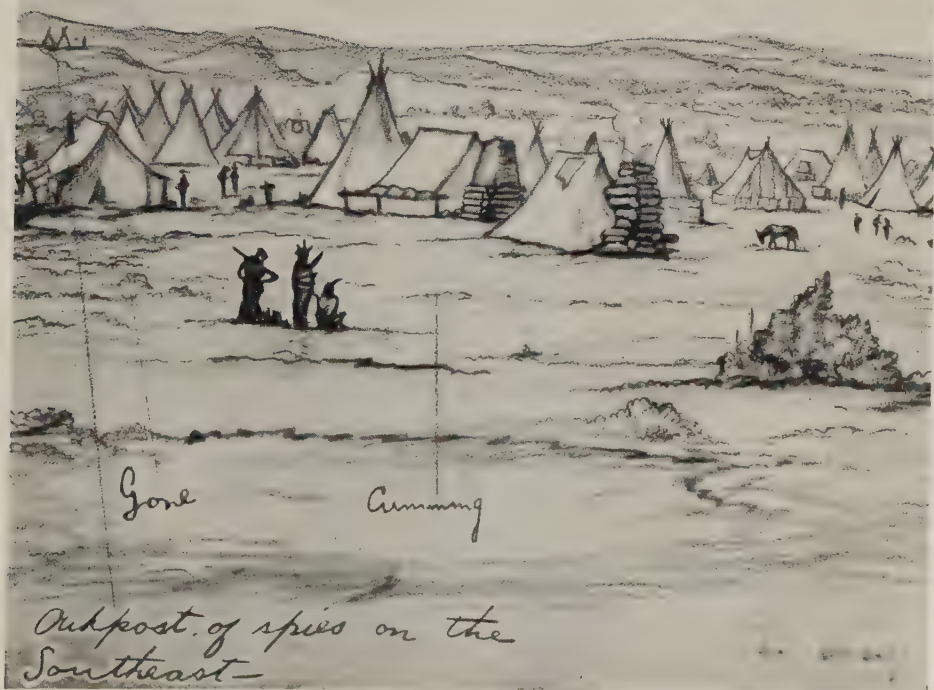
\*Captain Barnard E. Bee, a South Carolinian, commissioned July 1, 1845. Cited for special service in the Mexican War.

<sup>9</sup>2nd Lt. James H. Hill, of Maine, commissioned July 1, 1855.

<sup>10</sup>Simonds or Simons was an Indian trader and mountain man, variously described as a Delaware, a Cherokee, and "a Frenchman who married an Indian." He owned a ranch on the Weber River. Cf. note by Dale L. Morgan, *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. IX, 1941, p. 203.

<sup>11</sup>It is more than doubtful whether the Mormon effectives concentrated in the area at this time numbered over one hundred men. Cf. O. H. Whitney, *History of Utah* (Salt Lake City, 1892), Vol. I, pp. 660-662; L. H. Creer, *Utah and the Nation* (Seattle, Washington, 1929), p. 146.

<sup>12</sup>Alfred Cumming, a Georgian, Buchanan's appointee as territorial governor of Utah, was prevailed upon to enter the Mormon capital in advance of the army through the representations of Col. Thomas L. Kane, a Philadelphian, who aspired to act as peacemaker. Kane's mission, unofficially approved by the President, led him to California via the Isthmus, thence to Utah, where he conferred with Brigham Young and other L.D.S. leaders, and received assurances that Cumming would be cordially welcomed. Colonel Johnston strongly opposed Kane's proposal that Cumming accompany him to Salt Lake City, but the governor acquiesced, and left for the "City of the Saints" on April 5.



GOVERNOR CUMMING'S TENT, CAMP SCOTT



lous rates, which answer a very excellent purpose—for those who have them.

April 11, 1858

Came off outpost at the butte, or knoll, beyond the bridge. Our pickets are so extended now that I had difficulty in looking mine up yesterday, traversing the bluffs, the cedars and the sage, till one's legs began to acknowledge the strain. Added to the rest, the cold is again intense, and the wind blows as if to lift us bodily, and clear the country of the presence of all regulars. For the benefit of Forney,<sup>13</sup> who is detailed with me, I have brought out from camp my Sibley stove, and dispatched to the Lieutenant, at his picket away down at the right of the camp, below the bridge—Ficklin<sup>14</sup> came in yesterday, passing my line with some thirty ponies—all in fair condition—Dr. Forney<sup>15</sup>—in some way connected with the Indian department—also passed my post last night—having been out as far as Bear River—twenty-five miles. He says the Mormons are satisfied to have come in among them, Governor Cumming, and all civil officers, but that they will not permit the army to enter the valley, under any circumstances. Gilbert,<sup>16</sup> a Sutler, who came in a few days since, by way of California, adds that the Mormons can muster in the neighborhood of six thousand men—many well armed and appointed, a portion indifferently armed, and some with no arms. They had done nothing towards putting in the crops this spring, although the grass was up. Gilbert noted trains of wagons and other vehicles, thronging the road beyond Salt

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<sup>13</sup>Lt. John H. Forney, of North Carolina, commissioned July 1, 1852.

<sup>14</sup>Benjamin F. Ficklin was in charge of the road operations of the freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, employed to transport the army supplies to Utah. Prominent in the pre-railroad era freighting ventures, he was a leader in the development of the Overland Stage and Express Company, the Central Overland and Pike's Peak Express, and the Pony Express. Loyal to the Confederacy during the war, he delivered munitions to the Army of Tennessee, and after its conclusion, operated stage and freight lines in the Southwest, amassing a sizeable fortune.

<sup>15</sup>Jacob Forney was the recently appointed superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah Territory, succeeding Brigham Young, who as governor was ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. His efforts to compromise the difficulties between the Government and the Mormons struck fire from Captain Gove: "Dr. Forney, an old ass, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, has gone out this afternoon [April 7, 1858] to Yellow Creek, to Simond's camp, to make a treaty. Is trying to make something in imitation of the Governor." Hammond, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 146.

<sup>16</sup>William Gilbert, of the firm Gilbert and Gerrish, was for many years a prominent Gentile merchant in Salt Lake City. He laid the foundations of his fortune as sutler for Johnston's army.



Lake City, and passing in the direction of Fillmore, at the South.<sup>17</sup> This indicates a retirement of a portion at least of the population. Brigham, indeed, told Gilbert he would himself depart, with all his wives and chattels, only that the government were too much inclined to bother him—more's the pity, of course. In conclusion Gilbert told us that both the prophet and his chief familiar, Kimball, had a worn and jaded look, as if under the pressure of much care and responsibility.<sup>18</sup> However, Lieutenant Neal<sup>19</sup> relieves me from post, in his starchy and magnificent way, and I am as glad as usual to get back to my tent—though I had both my full share of all the duty, so I am well [*sic*]. A day or two since I made purchase of two more pounds of salt, at the current rate of one dollar per pound.

#### April 16, 1858

Write Sarah [Mrs. Albert Tracy] dating from the 15th and for the mail to leave on the 18th. Stadtmiller, with his two eyes somewhat enlarged, tells me he heard this morning explosions away at the point, sounding like the noise of cannon. All this just preceding reveille. An Indian is also reported to have come in, with the statement that the Mormons are blowing off rocks in Echo Canón, to impede the progress of the regulars—when they shall arrive.<sup>20</sup> It is not improbable any of it—which all certainly goes to show that we live, and move, and have our being, in times the most exciting and perilous. To Sarah my pay account for January, '58.

#### April 17

Yet again upon outpost, and still it will snow and blow, and inflict upon us and our men no little privation and suf-

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<sup>17</sup>At a meeting of the Mormon leaders, March 18, 1858, it was determined to substitute a "scorched earth" policy for military resistance to the invading army. Whether President Young actually intended to apply the torch to the northern settlements, or merely persuaded his people that flight would create a favorable reaction in the national press, the fact is that thousands of his followers left their homes and took the road southward. Cf. Andrew L. Neff, *History of Utah* (Salt Lake City, 1940), pp. 494-501.

<sup>18</sup>Heber Chase Kimball, first counsellor to President Brigham Young.

<sup>19</sup>Captain Thomas H. Neill, of Pennsylvania, commissioned July 1, 1847. Later, he served brilliantly in the War between the States, and was brevetted Major General in 1865.

<sup>20</sup>During the preceding autumn Mormon troops, organized as the Nauvoo Legion, had made preparations to resist the "invasion" by force, and had constructed defenses in Echo Canyon. It is improbable, in view of the fact that this policy had been abandoned by the spring, that the rumor noted by Tracy had any foundation in fact. Cf. Neff, *op. cit.*, p. 479.



fering—despite the scene upon the pages of the almanac. Murray,<sup>21</sup> who is on my detail, makes a detour to the ravines upon the right, to see about some smoke in that direction. He comes back with the report of having seen one Indian and one deer, to both of which he gave earnest chase, but with no success in capturing either. Murray is not cheerful over the result, for he had expected to capture at least a squad of Mormons, for his fourteen miles of travel. At night we move down to the tents beside the stream—a brighter thought having suggested the fact that these tents might be left standing upon the interior line in place of moving them with every contraction, as at first. To that both our labor and our patience are oposed [*sic*] in the present way of drawing in one force alone. And yet it snows, and the wind whistles in at every loop and cranny of the tent, and we wonder if it is ever to change in these wild ranges, to which we have been so long, and, as it were, fruitlessly condemned.

April 23, 1858

And, sure enough, the anniversary of our marriage. We must not only write Sarah, but send down to our two laundresses a bottle of the Sutler's wine, to make merry over the recurrence of this date—and we do so.

The grander public event of the day has been the arrival of a market wagon in camp today, from the valley of Salt Lake. Potatoes, onions, butter and cheese, constituted the cargo of this vehicle, and such was the eagerness of both men and officers to purchase, that the Provost Marshal himself was put in charge to superintend the selling.<sup>22</sup> The scene was like that around a pie and cider wagon, at an old-fashioned military muster. Some scamps, however, having less the fear of the Provost Marshal before their eyes, than the gnawings of hunger within their bowels, managed, in the temporary absence of the wagon-man, to seize the reins, and set off, full tilt, potatoes, onions, and the rest; they flew in all directions, and were as speedily seized upon by the poor devils upon the outside. Had it not been for the absolute humor of the thing, it might have stood in the light of a serious breach of discipline. As it was, the originators were speedily halted in their career, and with no less promptness seized upon and turned

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<sup>21</sup>Alexander Murray, a Pennsylvanian, received his commission as 1st Lieutenant March 3, 1855.

<sup>22</sup>Gove adds that these provisions were supplied by Simons, the half-breed.

over to the guard. Owing to this interruption, with its losses to the man, I failed to get my share of the potatoes, but did tolerably on the onions, and very well indeed with the butter and cheese. Only two dollars and a half per pound for butter, with other of the edibles in like proportion as to the price. That evening, however, partaking of my evening meal, I resolved that inasmuch as butter, to say the least, must disappear from the category of my table I would, for once sate my longing. And how much the vast masses piled by me upon my toast might have cost, agreeably to the scale laid down, I agree that I am utterly unable to say. That for quantity they would have thrown into spasms the average boarding-house keeper I have no doubt. But I had a good time—such an one as the long fast of months, and the stale and weary taste of the beef of the tents, and the bread with not so much as the grease of bacon to savor it—could only render appreciable. Besides, again, with the whole camp fragrant with cheese and onions, why not indulge with the rest—if, in fact, only in self defense?

And finally here is Major Hunt,<sup>22</sup> too, who sidles into my tent, and wants to know upon what terms I will exchange onions for potatoes. Hunt has six potatoes, and I give him three onions—he being an old friend. Current rates show potatoes at six dollars per bushel.

April 24, 1858

An express brings the intelligence that Captain Marcy,<sup>23</sup> with his party, from the direction of Taos, may be looked for by the 6th of next month. Marcy has succeeded in getting filled all his requisitions for animals of every sort. A company of rifles is expected to arrive with Marcy as escort.

Again we hear that the Mormons are moving outward

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<sup>22</sup>Major Franklin E. Hunt, a native of New Jersey, commissioned July 1, 1829.

<sup>23</sup>Captain Randolph B. Marcy, of Massachusetts, commissioned July 1, 1832. He was brevetted Brigadier General for meritorious service in 1865. Faced with an acute shortage of rations, Johnston had dispatched Marcy to New Mexico on Nov. 27, 1857. With a force of thirty-nine men, he made the difficult winter journey, and rejoined the army with needed horses, mules and supplies, on June 10, 1858. Mormon scouts, getting wind of this departure, feared it was a ruse to attack them in the rear, and kept up a string of outposts to guard against the imagined threat. Cf. Randolph Barnes Marcy, *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border* (New York, 1866), pp. 224-276; *The Prairie Traveler* (New York, 1859; London, 1863); Oliver L. Spaulding, *The United States Army* (New York, 1937), pp. 236-240.

from Salt Lake City, in large numbers, probably to the south.

At a general overhauling of the guard tents today, as Officer of the Day, I discover a collection of knives, pick-locks, etc., not impossibly intended for mischief.

#### April 26, 1858

We have plenty of outpost duty in these days, and I am on again today, with McNabb. Such is the general severity of guard duty, that I have on more than one occasion found myself with but three nights out of seven "in bed." Solace myself today by reading the new poem "Nothing To Wear."<sup>25</sup> Weather milder.

#### April 27

Coming today from the "butte," I fell in with U. S. Marshal Dodson, [*sic*]<sup>26</sup> and a small party, by the bridge. Dodson informed me that himself and those with him had ridden all night to escape a body of some five hundred Mormons who had resolved on his capture. The effort had been to surround him but with heedfulness and a liberal application of the spur, the party had escaped. A friendly Indian had given Dodson the important information, and very glad both himself and men appeared to reach the camp of the regulars.

#### April 28

My fortieth birthday! I suppose I can bear it because I must, though I would prefer to be at least twenty years younger—beginning life with the present knowledge of some things I had no idea of at twenty. I might have done better, too, and have been more grateful than I have been, in many things. I must try, then, to mend in the future.

Today occurs the first thunderstorm of the season—the wind blew at a furious rate oversetting tents, and doing other mischief.

#### May 2, 1858

Write Sarah, and also Major Harry Wayne at Washington—the latter to use his interest to get me upon a Board to improve on army uniforms.

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<sup>25</sup>A contemporary poem by William Allen Butler (1825-1902).

<sup>26</sup>Peter K. Dotson had been appointed Federal Marshal for Utah Territory. He had previously lived in Salt Lake, though a Gentile. At this point Dotson's imagination was working overtime.

After a storm of three days duration, we have now a very fine day—promotive both of cheerfulness and grass.<sup>27</sup>

May 6, 1858

And yet once more a wild and bitter storm, the snow whirling downward to the depth of several inches upon the ground. Cunningham,<sup>28</sup> who was with me upon outpost at rear of the camp, got lost in visiting his pickets, and came near wandering entirely away in the darkness.

Two mysterious horsemen are said to have ridden boldly through our camp last night. They are Mormons, of course, though for what purpose they visited this our locality, does not transpire. Perhaps, as the old maid said, we never shall know. Albeit, all these incursions of the enemy have a meaning in some form—and more, it is likely, favorable to ourselves. They didn't pass my post.<sup>29</sup>

By way of finish to my turn, I managed to get thoroughly wetted in my own behalf, by too much confidence in a bridge of bush willow, across a run.

May 8

Throw pipe in fire, and leave off smoking—short. My tendency is to smoke too much, and a respite for a season at least, can but be desirable. But it is of no use tapering down—Short off is the only doctrine—let your head spin as it may.

Next to the craving for salt, has been that for something fresh and sweet in the way of vegetables. We have had issued as part of the ration, vegetables dried or dessicated,

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<sup>27</sup>The climate of Fort Bridger, about 6,000 feet above sea-level, is comparatively cold, only six months of the year being free from zero temperatures, and even in summer freezing weather is not unusual. While the precipitation is light, averaging around 12 inches a year, the snowfall is rather heavy, averaging four or five feet a year. The soldiers, bivouacked in tents, had a just complaint against the weather, with winter nights frequently as cold as 30 to 40 degrees below zero. Their only fuel was from cottonwood trees along the creek, and the quick burning but hot sagebrush.

<sup>28</sup>2nd Lieutenant Arthur S. Cunningham, a Virginian, commissioned January 1, 1857.

<sup>29</sup>The two horsemen were Mormons bearing Governor Cumming's dispatch to Secretary of State Lewis Cass. Cumming, after conferring with Brigham Young and his advisers, was apparently convinced that the outstanding difficulties could be remedied without military interference, and wrote in this vein. (Cf. Whitney, *op. cit.*, Vol I, pp. 675-682). The fact that Cumming failed to send Johnston a duplicate of his dispatch was a source of added irritation to the latter, according to Gove (p. 159).



but they are as hay and straw beside the natural and original products of the garden. As the only substitute procurable, Stadtmiller has been digging up the roots of the common Canada thistle<sup>30</sup>—which springs in the bottoms near here. The long spike being cut into small pieces, and boiled in soup, is held by Mr. Stadtmiller, who is a Dutchman, to be a luxury. To me the thistle-root seems something between beeswax and watery turnip.

May 15, 1858

The streams appear to be now released for the season, and are tearing along above the cobble stones of the channel ways at the rate of a regular mill-tail. Within the deeper nooks and eddies the waters have cleared to a given extent, and within their depths as occasionally within the swifter runs may be beguiled at intervals and with care, the gentle trout. He is not like the trout of the lakes or ponds in Maine, from a pound upwards, and if you pull out a sample weighing a quarter of a pound you have done well. Neither is this trout as brightly tinted in any regard as the trout of Maine—being more of a grayish color, with smaller spots or speckles. He will do for us, however, at a camp like this, and having actually drawn out two—of, I must confess far from huge proportions—I have them duly prepared by Stadtmiller. True, I was rained and even hailed upon, during my tour with rod and line but there is such a thing as getting dry, and when you have fairly succeeded in that, you do but enjoy the more your repast of the spoil.

By the Express rider from Laramie, there reaches us today the rumor that two or more Commissioners are to come out, and adjust all past difficulties with the Mormons—after the style of Washington's Commissioners in the Pennsylvania whiskey rebellion.<sup>31</sup> Colonel Hoffman is moving sixty miles

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<sup>30</sup>Thistle roots were used as a food by pioneers in many regions of the West. The Mormons in Utah, for example, had partially subsisted upon them for about twelve years prior to the advent of Johnston's army.

<sup>31</sup>Acting under instructions of Secretary of War John B. Floyd, L. W. Powell, former governor and senator-elect of Kentucky, and Major Ben McCulloch (not Rev. McCulloch, as Gove has it) of Texas, a veteran of the Mexican War, were constituted as peace commissioners for Utah. Some conflict between the peaceful policies favored by Cass and his protege, Cumming, and those of the War Department, may be suspected in the overlapping jurisdiction of the agents sent out to settle the "rebellion." Buchanan entrusted Powell and McCulloch with an amnesty proclamation, contingent upon the submission of the Mormon people to federal authority, which they interpreted as calling for the establishment of military force in the Territory. Cf. *House Executive Documents No. 31, 35th Congress, 2nd Session, II, pt. 1, serial 997, pp. 69-72.*



this side of Laramie, with supplies.<sup>32</sup> A few very much needed beef cattle were gotten into camp about a week since, in advance. We had begun to cast such glances at the mules, that they drooped their heads and ears before us. The number of Mormons as now stated in battle array about the canõns is four thousand.

May 16, 1858

And we are upon review today, with Smith<sup>33</sup> in command of the column. While we are yet upon parade, who should arrive but the veritable Governor Cumming—from Salt Lake City direct. Accompanying the Governor were several wagons, filled with men and women said to be dissenting Mormons upon their way eastward—towards the rising sun. What it is brings Cumming hitherward from the capitol of his territory, the mass of us are not informed.<sup>34</sup>

May 17

Out for trout, and if I fail to catch more than a single fish, I at least eat him. Letters too, from Sarah, by the mail which has arrived.

May 20

On outpost in rear of camp, and thence write Sarah.

May 24

I have occupied all my leisure for several days past, upon some oil sketches in raw umber and white, representing the march of the column by Ham's Fork, and the like, purposing

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<sup>32</sup>Lt. Col. William Hoffman, of New York, commissioned July 1, 1829, was a veteran of the Mexican War, twice cited for gallantry at Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. He was in command at Fort Bridger from June 10 to August 16, 1858.

<sup>33</sup>Lt. Col. Charles F. Smith, native of Pennsylvania, received his commission July 1, 1825. He fought at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Contreras and Churubusco during the Mexican Campaign, and was advanced to colonelcy in 1861. He was brevetted Major General of Volunteers on March 21, 1862, and died one month later.

<sup>34</sup>Cumming returned to Camp Scott to meet the commissioners and to accompany his wife to Salt Lake City. While in the Mormon capital he had offered safe conduct to any who might wish to leave the Territory. According to Whitney (*op. cit.*, p. 675) 165 men, women and children, mainly English converts who had become dissatisfied with local conditions, availed themselves of his offer without encountering opposition or embarrassment from the Latter-day Saint officials.

to send the same to be engraved from by Harper's Weekly.\* One sketch represents the troops moving above the hills, and across a stream, another a camp in the snow, another the camp as set on fire, and another the outpost sentinel, threatened by wolves.<sup>88</sup> Want of time may prevent my carrying out the fuller plan.

Some of the Mormons who came in with Cumming say Brigham laughs him to scorn, and declares the new Governor unfit to take care of even himself, let alone looking after the people of a Territory. No doubt Young was able to make Cumming uncomfortable, which probably accounts for his return among us.

We have today no beef—the supply having become wholly exhausted. Other articles of subsistence are becoming dangerously scant. A train sent out upon the 21st inst., is to bring forward with all practicable speed, supplies now upon the road with the column of Colonel Hoffman.

### May 26, 1858

The first grand review of all the force here present. Johnson, of course, the reviewing officer. As it chanced also, while we were upon the ground, a second column of Mormons entered camp. Wagons, carts, oxen, ponies, people and all—a sad and poverty stricken lot—the whole of them. There is a kind of settlement of these refugees at our left and rear, and thitherward were conducted the new animals. The grass is now springing finely, and our animals munch accordingly.

### May 28

Under my blanket stretched upon poles as a shelter from the wind, I read upon the outpost drawn yet nearer in, upon this side of the Fork—five letters from Sarah. I undertake also to write somewhat in reply, but it becomes a difficult matter to hold so many things from the wind, inclusive of the letter sheet upon my old red folio—and yet pen successfully my thoughts. But the mail returns tomorrow, and we must not neglect our correspondence.

From the Mormon families encamped across the bridge, on the road to "outpost butte," I procure through the interest

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<sup>88</sup>Not found in the collection of Tracy's pictures preserved.

<sup>89</sup>Tracy refers to the wily western coyote, or small prairie wolf, and not to the larger and more dangerous timber wolf.

and effort of Mr. Stadtmiller, an instalment of onions and even butter—brought forward from Salt Lake Valley.

May 29, 1858

This afternoon arrive the Commissioners sent forward by the President, to treat or arrange with the mutinous spirits beyond the mountains. The Band of the 10th has but just returned from serenading the worthies—having played, among other things, what Sarah sings so beautifully—"When The Swallows Homeward Fly." Of course, it was idle to speculate upon even the probable results of the mission going forward." Ice last night; a quarter of an inch in thickness.

June 1, 1858

Summer! We have today a drill by brigade, and a drill by brigade in our service is not common. Probably never since the war with Mexico, has the like taken place, until now. It is a very great advantage to participate in these heavier evolutions.

The Commissioners to the Mormons are expected to go forward tomorrow, upon their errand at Salt Lake Valley.

One of the people of Ben Simonds' party comes in today, with the statement that the Mormon capital is well-nigh absolutely deserted by the inhabitants. The larger portion, also of the Mormon force in the canõns, is stated to have left. Of course there is no arriving at the perfectly correct estimate to be put upon all these tales.

Stowell, the Mormon, captured with Taylor, and ever since held prisoner in our camp, takes today the oath of allegiance and is released from durance.<sup>87</sup> In the meantime, Stowell has actually gotten fat—which is much to say for his digestion.

Better than all, the greater proportion of Lovell's<sup>88</sup> pro-

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<sup>87</sup>Gove (p. 170) reports the incident: "Sunday morning, after taking a wash, I went to the General's tent [Johnston had been brevetted Brigadier General on Nov. 18, 1857] and made a call on the Commissioners. Gov. Powell is a large, portly man, and a fine gentleman in his appearance. Rev. McCullough [*sic*] is a substantial plain-spoken man, and as true as steel. They are both fully converted to the policy of the army and are on our side."

<sup>88</sup>Joseph Taylor and William Stowell, Nauvoo legionnaires, were captured by Captain Marcy early in October, 1857, while they were attempting to fire the provision trains of Johnston's army. Taylor subsequently escaped.

<sup>89</sup>Captain Charles S. Lovell, of Massachusetts, commissioned Oct. 13, 1837. He later fought with conspicuous gallantry at Gaines's Mill and Malvern Hill, and in 1865 was brevetted Brigadier General for action at Antietam.







Fort Bridger from North East - with Camp beyond  
June 5<sup>th</sup> 1858.

FORT BRIDGER, JUNE 5, 1858

vision train, with some beef cattle, arrives in camp yesterday, under escort of Lieut. Smith,<sup>40</sup> of the Dragoons. So we are to have wherewithal to stay our longing once again.

Busy still with my sketches in oil, of the march by Ham's Fork—in October and November.

The rumor now is, that we move forward upon the 15th of June, for Salt Lake Valley.

### June 2, 1858

The Commissioners, with Governor Cumming leave today, under escort, for Salt Lake City.

The Mormons, recommence operations by firing the grass in our vicinity. Busy with sketches and letters to Sarah.

### June 4

Brigade drill for three good hours—finish the letter to Sarah.

### June 5

Sketch Fort Bridger from the northeast. Also the camp from the rise where the two "tepees" are, at the southwest.

### June 8

Colonel Hoffman arrives with his command and trains. Orders out for movement of the troops as early as practicable—possibly as early as the 12th so some of us think.

A Mormon arrested in camp for stealing a pistol, comes under identification as one of the party that burned the trains. The Mormons, of whom we have several about, are very boastful of their feats, and claim that they are let off by the terms of the President's proclamation. We are all busy with our requisition, clothing for the men; shoes and stockings were needed very much indeed, and if Washington's forces at Valley Forge went longer barefooted in the snow, then the sympathies of both history and the orators of the 4th of July are justly expended. Sketch some of the tents in camp today—by way of illustration of our style of shelter for the winter.

### June 9

Finish today the sketch in oil of the sentinel and the

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<sup>40</sup>Lt. William D. Smith, of Georgia, commissioned July 1, 1846.

wolves. Rain and hail. Marcy and Lieut. Loring<sup>a</sup> reach camp today in advance of their trains—which are expected tomorrow.

June 10, 1858

Cold, with a storm of snow and hail. Orders are out to march for Salt Lake Valley upon the 15th. The movement will take place in three divisions—1st, The Volunteers, with Phelps' Battery<sup>a</sup> and the 2nd Dragoons. 2nd, The 5th Infantry and Reno's<sup>a</sup> heavy guns and light howitzers. 3rd, The 10th Infantry and the companies of the 1st Cavalry.

June 13

Review and inspection, soon after which, say at about 11 a.m., The Volunteers, Phelps' Battery and the 2nd Dragoons move outward for the march. Thus far nothing reaches down among the lesser spirits relative to the Commissioners and other functionaries who have preceded us on the way to the Valley, and the result of their labors or negotiations [sic] remains a mystery.<sup>a</sup>

June 14

The 2nd Division—the 5th and Reno's pieces leave us today—their wagons and train at large stringing out above the hills past "outpost butte." We are all packed in the 10th and ready to join the rest, at rear of the column.

June 15

We have been here now about seven months, and despite the weariness and dreariness, the privations and discomforts

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<sup>a</sup>Lt. William W. Loring, of North Carolina, commissioned June 16, 1837.

<sup>a</sup>Captain John Wolcott Phelps, of Vermont, commissioned July 1, 1836.

<sup>a</sup>1st Lt. Jesse L. Reno, of Virginia, commissioned March 3, 1847. Killed in action at South Mountain, Maryland, Sept. 14, 1862.

<sup>a</sup>Powell and McCulloch reached Salt Lake City on June 7, and on June 11 and 12 presented President Buchanan's peace proposal and amnesty offer to the Mormon Council. Denying that his people had ever contemplated or engaged in rebellion, Young succeeded in gaining the point that the troops would not be quartered on the inhabitants. The pardon was then accepted, and the Commissioners so informed Secretary Floyd and General Johnston. On June 14, Governor Cumming published on his own account the amnesty proclamation, and, in company with the Commissioners, toured the southern settlements to impress upon the fugitive populace the wisdom of returning to their homes. J. Marinus Jensen in his *History of Provo, Utah* (Provo, 1924), pp. 141-143, describes the incident. Cf. also, *Provo, Pioneer Mormon City* (W.P.A. Writers' Project, Portland, Ore., 1942), pp. 88-89.





made Chimney at Camp Scott - Interior Camp view - from the ravine by the Grand Tent - June 8. 58

INSIDE VIEW - CAMP SCOTT, JUNE 8, 1858



at every hand, it was difficult to say we have not, in a sort, become attached to the locality. It has been for us all the home we had for the time. This morning, then, to view the long area of chimney-stacks, roof-poles, and other relics and debris of a deserted camp, there rises in us a feeling really akin to sadness. The appearance as presented at large, was a not unfit resemblance to the ruins of an ancient town, in a wood-cut. On the other hand, and in view of everything in the future, we are certainly not ill-satisfied to quit a locality like this—one into which we were forced both by stress of circumstances, and the imbecility [*sic*] that looked more after its immediate personal comfort, than the grandeur and success of an expedition which might have brought lasting and honorable reputation. Wherefore at the sound of the bugle, and with all things braced and stayed for the mountains, we fell in for the last time in line, at old Camp Scott—the very name of which remains now but a written sign and record. Of course a delay took place, and for eight in the morning for a move, the order had as well or better been written ten. Soon, however, we file away above the bridge, beyond "outpost butte," and climb slowly the cedar hills beyond. Here we have a halt, for the train and rear guard to close up; and Gardner<sup>45</sup> taking from his pocket the book in which we are all ordered to keep our "itinerary," draws two cross lines across the page, and says that is work enough to do for the engineers. I do my best, however, to trace the route and its peculiarities thus far, and I must try to keep up the exercise. Falling once more into our places, we ascend and descend rolling hills, upon which I was surprised to see a good deal of bright green grass springing up—the fresher tufts of the "bunch" grass or "sage" grass. Flowers, also are not wanting, and I pluck some brilliant scarlet ones to send in a letter to Sarah. Larkspurs are very common in our path. With the afternoon we descend some stony and gravelly hills, rivalling for steepness those of Ash Hollow itself.<sup>46</sup> Within a short period, however, we reach and descend the banks of the Little Muddy, and crossing, camp upon the opposite side. One of my company wagons upsets—of itself, of course, coming across the bridge this side the old camp, but I am pleased to record,

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<sup>45</sup>Captain Franklin Gardner, a native of New York, commissioned July 1, 1843. Twice cited for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Mexican War. He was in command of Fort Bridger from August 9, 1860 to Sept. 26, 1860.

<sup>46</sup>Ash Hollow was at the crossing of the South Platte River in Nebraska, mentioned by many travelers as a difficult piece of road.

that for sundry items lost in the stream, Alexander<sup>47</sup> orders a gratuitous issue. So that we get well in case again, and the weary sogers have their supper. Which, moreover, is well, for Company H is upon detail for guard, and must not sleep—march, as reported, eleven miles.

### June 16, 1858

We become by the rule, the guard at the rear today, and do not get off until past eight in the morning—when everything else has gone—in charge, then, of both the regimental and the supply trains, we move and halt, and halt and move, above the most tremendous hills—suiting both pace and position to the eccentricities of the front, which goes on or stops, on the course, according as cattle, mules, teamsters and the roads permit. In the afternoon, descend along a narrow gorge, a long rough slope with poplars and aspens at our left, indicating “Quaking asp Spring.” Well, too, the tracks about of men and cattle of all sorts, manifested rejoicing and hurry at reaching water. Nor were we yet ungrateful for the draught ourselves. Precisely as it chanced, however, we were destined to somewhat of an overplus of water, at the least, as applied outwardly. Nor had we much more than got into order along the broader road, and within the valley formed by high, bare hills at our right and left, beyond the slope from the Spring, when through the gray and misty clouds there came a drizzle that wet us steadily down to the skin. Not one single dry thread could we boast in our garments, and the mules and oxen smoked and steamed with the drenchings, as if heated with an inner fire. Cattle, then, and men, we trudged along in a lugubrious state, anything but elastic or defiant—dripping streams, as it were in our very tracks. After some decidedly weary miles, by the banks of a little run which we forded—twice we came suddenly and by a sharp angle at the farther end of the valley, upon an abrupt and rocky rise, or spur, at the foot of which the trains jammed and crowded, and closed in, in a condition of the most perfect irregularity and confusion. For the road above the spur had been so cut and worn and broken, that wagon after wagon stalled, and the beasts were incapable of getting them forward, or of thinning out the string fast forming from our side above the crest. Some of the wagons lay lurched in one direction and some in an-

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<sup>47</sup>Col. Edmund B. Alexander, a Virginian, entered the army in 1823. He fought with distinction in the War with Mexico; was promoted to the command of the 10th Infantry in 1855, and during the Civil War, loyal to the Union, was in charge of recruiting. He died January 3, 1888.

other, and oxen were buried in the mud, and lying down in despair, and mules, with their ears laid back and heels rattling among the traces and whiffle trees, responded to the whacks and curses of the teamsters, that yet urged them in vain upon their tasks. It was a stalling, and a check, and a dead halt, at all points, and it only remained to be determined in the rain, which had but increased in volume, what next was to be done. Staking by the bank their pieces, and doing off with their belts, the men of Company H, strove well and long at the wheels of the imbedded vehicles, releasing many and sending them upon their way, but with the multitude yet to be passed, the task loomed at last as, under ordinary human endurance—an impossibility. A fire, built with much difficulty, cheered us some. Meanwhile, getting free the ambulance of Davidson [the] Sutler, I sent word by him to the front, asking for a detail to aid my men. In the meantime, getting from Bennett,<sup>48</sup> commissary of the regiment, a couple of pails of good whiskey, I administered an acceptable dose thereof to each of the men, and the work proceeded, as well as all were able. At a late hour, a detail came over the hill to our aid, but there yet remained so much left to be accomplished, in the way of getting forward the trains of supply, that an order came down at last for me to make the best of the way with my own men, and go into camp leaving for the night the balance of the wagons as they were. Ascending the rise or spur at one point, we came at once upon a view of Bear River bottom, with the stream itself, swollen by the rains, rolling turbidly in the midst, and at intervals, spreading above its banks. On reaching near to the center, we found our own, like scores of other wagons, stalled to the hubs in the softening soil, loosed of their animals and left with their tongues in the air, like lost ships at every point. We were enabled, however, to get hold upon tents, and other things needful for the night, and with some ado and difficulty, got established in an irregular manner, nigh to the stream. Main body of the regiment was already across by a temporary bridge, and, by nightfall, all but ourselves. I had brought forward one of the buckets refilled with whiskey, and pass the men another jorum. But as taken all together, with the rest, fatigue, and distance traveled—twenty-five miles, it was one of the most toilsome and wearing of our marches. It is *on dit*, that Alex-

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<sup>48</sup>2nd Lt. Clarence E. Bennett, of New York, commissioned Aug. 13, 1855. His lengthy army career terminated with his retirement in 1897 with rank of Lt. Colonel.

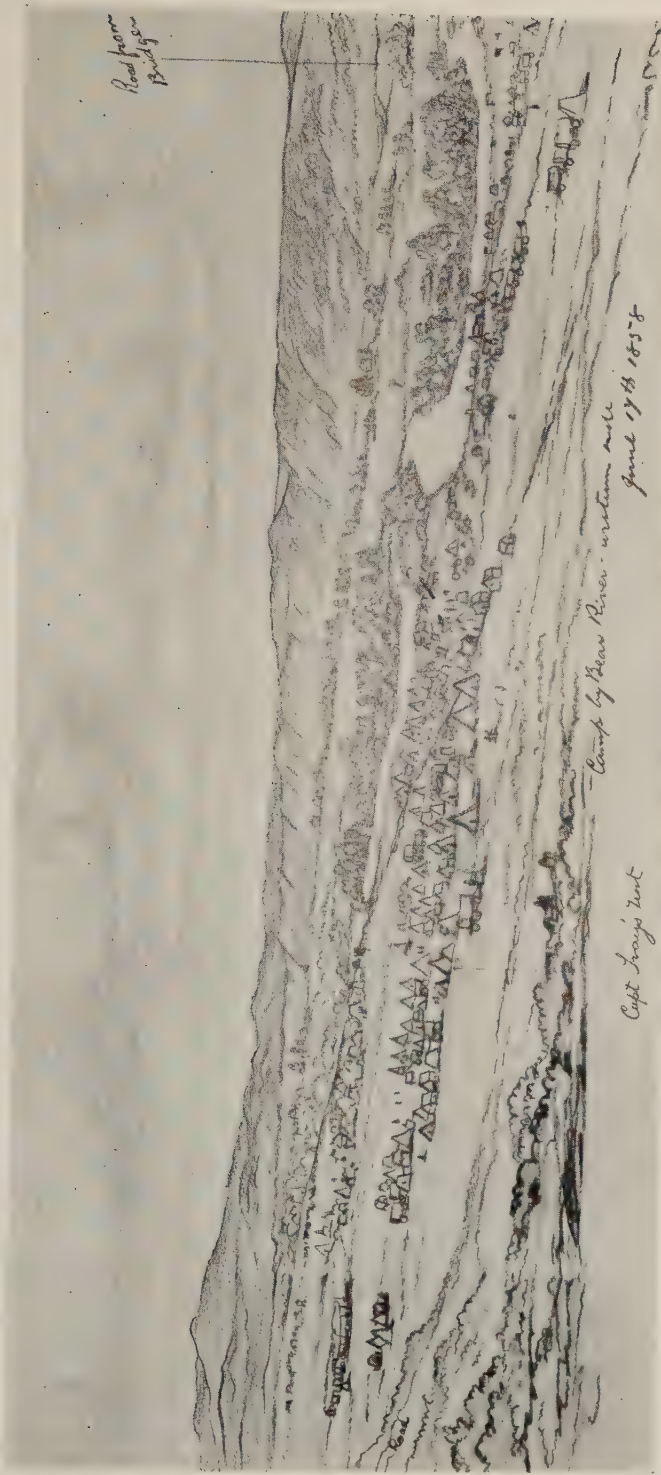


ander insisting upon crossing against all advice, the bridge, before having it strengthened, drowned five or six mules, and came near to drowning the quartermaster.

June 17, 1858

Had the troops of Bunker Hill awoke upon this day of the month, 1775, with as much water flowing about them as myself and men find flowing about us this 1858, it may be doubtful if they had fought altogether with the same enthusiasm. I find, for the first time, since I have had a company, my men so surrounded, and separated, not to speak of their being entirely fagged, that it becomes nearly impracticable to institute roll-call. The river, in fact, has, during the night, risen tremendously, and is flooding rapidly the whole bottom. Between my own and Sergeant Robertson's tent there is a rushing channel knee-deep, whilst between himself and the scattered lines of the men's tents, there are pools and trenches yet deeper. I assume the responsibility to waive the regulation on this occasion, but direct the Sergeant to have up the men and down the tents as soon as practicable. For if we do not march, we must at least move, or share the fate of the quartermaster's mules of yesterday. The men being fairly roused, with much wading about with bare legs, my instructions are carried out, and the stalled wagons also now becoming fast submerged with the rest—were got into position. An order coming now to join with my company, on dryer ground we bend the men upon the wagons to cross the treacherous bridge, leaving our animals to swim for it. By two o'clock we are in camp upon the bluffs beyond, overlooking the river, which still rises, spreading about upon the flat beneath, like some monstrous spreading adder. The weather, however, has cleared, and the day is fine.

The information comes now that the Mormons have acceded to terms as proposed by the Commissioners from the President, and that with no further let or hindrance, the troops of the United States will be permitted to enter the Valley of Salt Lake, and establish posts, agreeably to their original orders. It might be difficult for any of us to say whether or not—as a personality—we were pleased with this result. Make a sketch today of the grand valley of Bear River, as visible from an elevation just back of Captain Tracy's tent, upon the bluff. The view is certainly worthy a careful picture.



Road from  
Bridge

Camp by Bear River - western side  
June 17th 1858

Capt. Leary's tent

JOHNSTON'S ARMY ON THE BEAR RIVER, JUNE 17, 1858





June 18, 1858

Remain in camp by Bear River. Visit some people of the 6th with Captain Tidball. Write Sarah for mail of tomorrow.

June 19

March at 5 a.m. Make nine miles, and camp by the "Needles," at Yellow Creek.<sup>40</sup> Very peculiar rocks are the "Needles"—projecting themselves at our right, high into air, like unto unknown, massive obelisks, paired in twins. They are strong land marks and known to the natives, as well as to Massachusetts the single shaft at Bunker Hill. We find hereat good green grass—but no appearance of trees, save the willows by the creek.

The Mormons, more friendly, or in less immediate fear of the wrath to come, visit here our camp, with butter and eggs. But the staff confiscate, as usual, and line go wanting. What a pleasant thing rank must be—if one only had it! Rain in the afternoon, and a bleak wind.

June 20

Quit camp at 5 p.m. [*lege* a.m.]. Ascending with difficulty a heavy rolling hill, in the form of a divide, we continue on over uneven ground, for the space of about five miles, where we find ourselves at the head of Echo Can<sup>o</sup>n. Descending by a comparatively regular slope, we pass, with the outcropping walls of basalt at our right "Cache Cave"<sup>40</sup>—being a cave much used for deposit by mountaineers and Mormons. It gapes in a shadowy manner upon us, and we continue onward. Before long we have come upon the stream, or brooklet, which flows along the bottom of the can<sup>o</sup>n. It is called Echo Creek. The basalt, now at either hand, begins to take the appearance of bluffs or precipices, and about the

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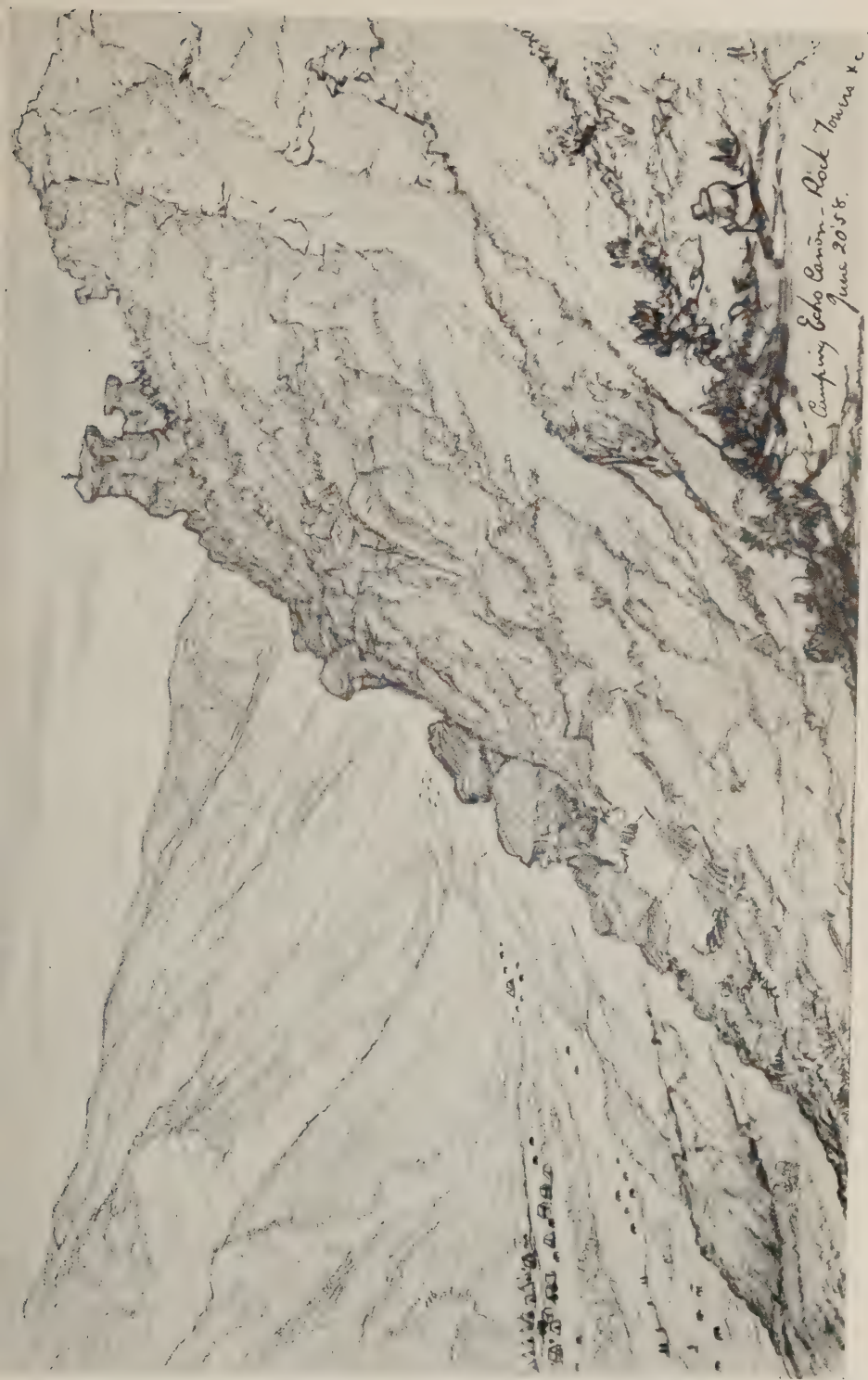
<sup>40</sup>The rock formation referred to is located eight miles south of the present town of Evanston, Wyoming.

<sup>50</sup>Cache Cave, one of the greatest landmarks in the West, is at the head of Echo Canyon. A small oven-shaped cave in overhanging rocks, it was used for many years as a shelter for fur trappers, explorers and Utah pioneers. It is about thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and from four to six feet high. It was situated on the old Emigrant road to Utah, but owing to a change in the route of the highways in the early 1860's, it has been left in a secluded, almost forgotten side-canyon, well preserved and easily accessible, by a good country road, lying only one mile from main highway 30, near Moore's Ranch and the Castle-Rock Railroad Station in Summit County, Utah. Carved in and around this famous mountain hostelry are the names of one hundred and fifty persons, from the 1820's to the 1870's, and on the cliffs nearby, are many more, including many of the members of Brigham Young's 1847 party. Today it is rarely visited.

crests, as well as by many of the nooks and angles, are noted, sailing, eagles, of a leper cast—indicating the presence of nests and young. Some of the men, straying with or without permission from the column, climb with much labor, the rocks, returning with their captures, in a somewhat featherless condition—the old birds in the meantime, screaming with the wrath of the ravaged, and even swooping downward but not too near, as evidently intimidated by the gleam of the bayonets bared to meet them. A brood or two of cawing young ravens, were also brought in by these marauders from our midst. The rocks now, from a mere outcrop towards the crests of smoother hills, closed gradually down to the two sides of the canñon, with less and less of the debris which has crumbled off to form the lower slopes. From five to six and even eight hundred feet they rear their stalwart walls, narrowing the sky, and projecting sometimes in masses, as if to fall. Owing to peculiarities also of the basaltic formation every form of castle, and tower buttress and dome seems presented at angles of cliffs, or along their crests, or faces. In one or two instances towers stood out in bold and full relief, and had through them loops or windows through which was visible the sky beyond. Again, huge masses, cumbered at intervals our path, and made yet more tortuous the stream that still wound onward at the base. How many times we forded Echo Creek that day, troops, teams, trains and all it were difficult to say, but the channel seemed a series of the loop-like undulations of the snake, which we were continually traversing. Willows spring upon the banks of the stream, and occasionally a dwarfed and twisted cedar flaunted its tufts midway or along the brow of the cliffs above. It was to be noted, however, that upon the left as we advanced towards the farther mouth of the canñon, the rocks were generally less precipitous in character and at points, the ascent in a measure smoother. From the highest point at right of our camp, after no little difficulty in scrambling upward, I made an imperfect sketch, giving the towers with their singular perforations, and below, the tents and animals, visible along the bottom. While I was above, the band struck up and I learned why it was called Echo Canñon—the echoes among the rocks surpassed anything I ever heard, and are very sweet. Extent of march 15 miles.

June 21, 1858

We are on foot at 6 a.m., and continue our march through Echo Canñon. Arriving, after a pretty toilsome stretch, within



Camping Echo Canon—Rock Towers &c.  
June 20<sup>th</sup> 58.

CAMPING AT ECHO CANON—ROCK TOWERS, JUNE 20, 1858





about three miles from the farther mouth of the canōn we come upon the ruins of fortifications attempted by the Mormons, in the design to bar our progress. A singular idea seemed to possess these people, that being regulars, we were necessarily to move in solid and compact bodies to whatever point was most convenient to them to resist us. They little seemed to know or heed the modern system of deploying and skirmishing, or yet the availability of artillery, long before our infantry should be brought under fire. However, with but a beggarly complement of guns upon their own part to respond—the “corrals” of rocks which they had erected by the shelves and gulches and along the ridges of the cliffs, would have been knocked about their ears, and rendered untenable in but a brief time and the way opened for our own light troops from the hills at rear. Once the heights in our possession, all beneath was vain to the Mormons; and the huge masses they had designed to roll or blow from the cliffs eight hundred feet down upon our devoted heads, [could] have proved equally available to their own destruction. Those heights would have been to us exactly what Chapultepec was—which castle, with its elevations, having been captured, left open the flank and rear of the combatants by the highway, and within the works at the front, and compelled a certain retreat. There was, upon a neat rise at the left, an earthwork of decidedly respectable pretensions, while in the gulch, or sub-canōn at the right, a wall extended which would have been out of range from the front and difficult to carry. A tolerable defense was thrown across the grand canōn, connecting the work at the left with other points, and at front of this also it was intended the bottom should have been flooded by the waters of the creek, dammed for the purpose. We were furthermore informed as to points beneath a turn in cliffs, where the regulars were to have been blown so high with mines as never to have reached the earth again. Altogether, our close and interested inspection of the fortifications of Echo Canōn as established by the Mormons, did but satisfy us the more thoroughly as to the opportunity we had lost. With Smith in command, we should undoubtedly have pushed on in the autumn, and with the battle we would have fought, there lingered in our minds no doubt of a vindication of the law, and an upholding of the dignity of the government, fully as permanent and beneficial in its results, as any efforts at conciliation through whatsoever agencies yet sent forward. The best commissioners for Brigham Young and his insolent following, would have been eighteen pounders, backed by plenty of good rifles. And we trudged along in

the dust, and past the whole, a little crest-fallen. At some distance beyond the works, were tents or tepees, thatched down with sage, a new thing to the vision, but unsafe, perhaps with too much fire about. Also there were very habitable lodges thatched in straw—all for the occupation of the Mormons but abandoned, wholly, and as lonesome to look at as the remains of our own camp left behind us. The precipices, of a reddish yellow tint, still continued to loom above us, and their fantastic reliefs of buttress and tower, to stand forth in magnificence in the sunlight. This to the very last, upon our right at least, where a jutting, great angle, with a tower set bodily out from all let or hindrance, concludes the scene. You have reached the mouth of the canōn and first by a rise and then a descent, you drop suddenly, upon the bank of the Weber River, which flows within a hundred yards of your front. Turning to the right, with the road, we pass on, with more tents of sage at our right and left—and, having compassed the space of two or three miles, go into camp opposite to what we called the Witch Rocks.<sup>61</sup>

June 22, 1858

Like unto these of the canōn, the Witch Rocks are of basalt. They jut upwards through the smooth surface of a rounded hill, and form a cluster, so singularly like figures in kirtles and steeple-hats, or bonnets that they have received the appellation stated. At moonlight, and with their lengthened shadows stretching above the hill, their appearance is exceeding weird and witch-like. I make yesterday an indifferent sketch in pencil, and also today—for that we rest once in camp—a sketch of the mouth of the canōn above, which I visit, in company with Captain Tidball. Returning by the bank of the Weber, we visit with Surgeon "Joe" Bailey,<sup>62</sup> with rod and line, and he informs us that pound trout have been pulled out of the water just this side of camp. But "Joey" did not exhibit upon his own part, any such trout. Mormon green onions, as brought in, and held for sale in this camp, are seventy-five cents per bunch.

June 23

March today about six miles—crossing the Weber by

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<sup>61</sup>This outcropping of basalt is found about two miles west of Echo, Utah. Some of these curious monument-like rocks are more than 100 feet high.

<sup>62</sup>Capt. Elisha I. Baily, of Pennsylvania, Assistant Surgeon, commissioned February 16, 1847. Retired as Col. Surgeon of the Army, November 14, 1888.



Witch Rocks -  
by Meher River

June 21-58

WITCH ROCKS, JUNE 21, 1858





Forney's bridge, and pursuing a road southwesterly along a species of canñon between hills, and camping at the hither base of the last grand range between ourselves and Salt Lake Valley, chief of which range is Big Mountain.

### June 24, 1858

Being today rear guard, I do not quit camp until all are gone. Our march is above long and weary ascents, down the farther sides of which we seem always to have reached a lower plane. We note spruce and cedar and pine-spruce, the first we have seen since leaving the Black Hills. We make about nine miles, and upon the walls of my tent, this evening, I am treated to the sight of the first little gray lizard I have seen since leaving Mexico—and that is some years since.

### June 25

We get off as early as five in the morning, and after a long and toilsome ascent in the course of which we pass additional fortifications of the Mormons, reach at last the bald and rocky crest of "Big Mountain." The view from this point is little less than magnificent—opening out between rocky and snow-clad peaks and ridges, to the veritable valley of Salt Lake in the distance, with even a partial glimpse of the lake itself, at the right. It brought to mind our view from the chain of the Popocatepetl, of the valley of Mexico, though to appearance less fertile. We are allowed, however, little leisure for the contemplation of the grand, our more immediate attention being drawn to the difficulties of the descent—at our feet. So steep, so smooth, and so rocky was this descent, that a mule or horse might scarcely keep his footing going down, while in spite of drags, wagons, or ambulances, could only be gotten to the base by means of ropes held hard by the men, who stacked arms, and were all put upon fatigue to this end. Some of the heavier wagons got to dragging pretty rapidly the parties put upon them, and one at least went down with a rush, oversetting at the foot of the descent, a wreck and a ruin—tongue, wheels, mess-chests, camp-kettles and all. This being a Dragoon wagon the Infantry boys laughed—which proceeding the Dragoons regarded as unfitting and disrespectful. It was long before the men and trains were gotten over, and when at last they were, and we had descended from the glorious vision at the crest, we found, going down the farther side of Big Mountain, such clouds and density of

dust as well nigh brought us to an open suffocation. Neither was the condition of things improved by a drove of the Commissary's cattle, which had preceded us, leaving in the air a mass of itself sufficient to our keenest vexation and misery. It is a fact that the dust settled so thickly upon Clinton's<sup>51</sup> cheeks and beard, that I could not identify him until he had spoken. About sixteen miles we make of it today; and tonight, at retreat, is read the proclamation of Governor Cumming informing us that peace is had with the foe.<sup>52</sup> Letter to Sarah, to go by a mail tomorrow.

June 26, 1858

So early as three of the morning, the wild peaks and canõns of the Wasatch chain, rang and echoed to the notes of our bugles and reveille. The men are in due time upon their feet, and breakfast is had, and tents struck, and with the filing out of our wagons, we are again ready for the road. "Little Mountain" it was, in chief, that lay within our pathway today. We had however, already overcome in our course so many that were larger, that, with perseverance, we reach at last the top of this one—a little blown it is true, but the top. Descending now the farther slope, which is rapid, and tries the muscles of your legs in an opposite way, by the extensors—we enter at a few miles from camp, Emigration Canyon.<sup>53</sup> A very defensible place is this Canyon, and at a given abrupt angle of the road, a fort, well fortified, might have stood against thousands. It is likely, however, the place could be turned, rendering it thus of less value. Opening out from the last rough gorge, we entered upon a broad plateau, or bench, and Salt Lake City lay at our feet. We are surprised and refreshed with its general appearance of neatness and order. The buildings were almost entirely of adobe, giving them the appearance of grey cut stone. They were set well apart, nearly each by itself, and within the enclosures about them one saw that which one so longs to see from long familiarity with these deserts—perfectly bright green and luxuriant trees and shrubbery. The streets, as we viewed them from

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<sup>51</sup>1st Lt. William Clinton, of Pennsylvania, served as a private in the Mexican War, and on December 16, 1846 received his commission. He later fought at Gettysburg, winning a Major's brevet.

<sup>52</sup>The text of Governor Cumming's proclamation is found in Whitney, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 686.

<sup>53</sup>Johnston's army followed closely the route of the original band of Mormon pioneers.

our height, are straight and wide, crossing each other generally at right angles. Beyond the city the Jordan River, running north and south. Beyond this the gray of the eternal desert, hemmed remotely by picturesque peaks and mountains. But soon colors flying again the regiment falls in, and with the Band at front and the whole in column of Companies, we enter, after a short descent, the City of the Saints of our Latter Day. And now came a spectacle not common. With the exception of a picked few of his "destroyers" of decidedly rough and sinister aspect, left as a police, and with orders to fire the city in case we offered to occupy it, every man, woman, and child, had, under the direction of the prophet, departed—fled!<sup>66</sup> In place of the usual crowd to gather and gaze at, or hang upon the heels of troops, no single living soul, beyond the lounging vagabonds named, appeared—and these only by twos and threes, at corners, or from behind fence, glowering from beneath their hat-brims, with clubs in their hands, and pistols ready slung at their belts. It was substantially a city of the dead, and might have been depopulated by a pest or famine. The rich strains of our Band, then were wasted somewhat, except to our own ears, upon these echoing, empty streets and tenements. The buildings of Brigham appear constituted mainly of a series of gables within the enclosure of a wall of adobe, having a wide gateway and a beehive above it. There are also images of lions, grim of aspect at the right and left. Why so many gables should appear, is explained upon the ground of the abundance of wives of our modern Turk of the Valley, together with their reputed steadily increasing families. It was when too, we arrived abreast with these buildings, that the adjutant, to break the monotony of more regular marches, directed the Band to strike up that most inspiring, if less reputable air y'clept "One-Eyed Riley."<sup>67</sup> The men, not

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<sup>66</sup>The peace commissioners, reporting to Secretary Floyd, June 12, 1858, stated that only about 1500 persons remained in Salt Lake City. Members of the Nauvoo Legion (Mormon Militia) served as guards.

<sup>67</sup>One Eye Riley was a popular marching song, reputed to have a thousand verses, most of them unprintable. One verse is given as an example:

As I was strolling round and round,  
A-huntin' fun in every quarter,  
I stopped meself at a little Dutch inn  
And ordered up me Gin and Warter.

Chorus:

One Eye Riley, Two Eye Riley,  
Hol for the lad with one eye, Riley!

unfamiliar with the notes now given to the breeze, kept step as they had rarely done before, and general sense of "the humor of the thing" came to prevail. Our delights, however, were of comparatively short duration; for in place of halting soon, and beside the city, we were marched out westward miles away wholly without its limits, across the bridge of the Jordan<sup>88</sup> and thence southward along the banks of that river, for at least three miles, before reaching ground for camp. There came again, too, the dust of the bottoms, rising thick and yellow about us, till we halted in a cloud, scarcely knowing one from another, or being able to discern a pace before us. It is nearly a year since we started, but we have reached, and even passed the grand goal of all our marchings—Salt Lake City. My faithful old hickory arm chair, with a splint-bottom, brought all the way from Leavenworth, was wrecked today, in an upset of the officer's wagon at the rear, and being condemned to fuel, is used to bid the kettle boil withal, and make our tea! Sic transit, etc.

### June 28, 1858

In camp by the "other side of Jordan" yesterday and today—it being understood that parties are out, seeking a more permanent location. It is furthermore *on dit* that we pay for the privilege of camping upon this present ground, one hundred and fifty dollars. This to the Mormon "Church," which claims the ground above the United States. Thus, we will soon become habituated to the ways hereabout. Letter to Sarah, at night.

### June 29

Strike camp, and march at 6 in the morning. Our route is westwardly for a better site. After 16 miles, we pitch again upon higher, more gravelly ground by West Creek.<sup>89</sup> The Mormons bring out to us trout from Lake Utah—cured by drying. We find them excellent, and a most acceptable change from our former habitual diet.

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<sup>88</sup>This was a single-passageway bridge spanning the stream at North Temple Street, Salt Lake City. It was built by John Taylor on land belonging to Ezra Benson, but within a few years became dangerously unsafe. In 1860 it was replaced by a larger structure. Cf. Courtney Cottom, in *The Salt Lake Tribune*, Dec. 23, 1945.

<sup>89</sup>West Creek, unknown by that name today, is probably one of several small streams flowing into the Jordan River near Camp Williams, headquarters of the Utah State National Guard, at the "Narrows," at the southern end of Salt Lake Valley.







Mountain View from the East  
View from Upper Canyon

Cedra

CAMP AT WEST CREEK, UTAH, JUNE, 1858

June 30, 1858

Muster and muster-calls in Camp by West Creek. After a day of pretty close application—solace ourselves with more fish of the trout species—said to be caught by the seine-full in the Lake—now visible from our camp.

July 4, 1858

Still in camp by West Creek. A grand salute is fired in honor of the day, and fresh mutton issued in view of the yearnings and demands of our stomachs. We have, too, onions and other fresh vegetables, and the men are served with a gill each of the Commissary's best nineteen cent whiskey. Some of this—or other whiskey getting into a tent down among the Dragoons, so much singing and noise is thereby induced, that Philip St. George Cooke arrests all present. There were officers of all grades and arms, and among the rest Kelly<sup>a</sup> of the Tenth. The patriotic fervor of said Cooke does not appear to lead him to the recognition of too much noise, even upon this, our nation's holiday. Why not, oh, Cooke, the wind itself arrest, for it is upon a most royal blow-out and roaring at the top of its voice? We may trust, however that the arrests even as made, are not to go beyond arrests.

July 6

We read of Calebs<sup>a</sup> in search of a wife, and of various people in search of many things. Our search is for a camp. Twenty miles we have of it today; and in view of the heat and dust, the fordings of the Jordan, firstly to the eastward, where we encounter throngs of Mormons returning to Salt Lake City—and then back again to the westward, and down by the banks of Lake Utah, where we find ourselves nearly opposite the town of Provo—in view of all this it may be generally inferred that we are weary, and worn down, and none the less so that our marchings now appear to have no just or sufficient object. Why not have camped by the city, and have marched at once in a direct line to the ground selected for permanent occupation? Such, however, is life, and particularly the life of a soldier. But we have at least got

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<sup>a</sup>Lt. Henry B. Kelly, native of Alabama, commissioned March 5. 1847.

<sup>a</sup>The manuscript is obscure. The reference seems to be to the various marital ventures of Caleb as narrated in 1st Samuel.

a new point to start from, and in the absence of other novelities that is something.

July 9, 1858

In camp opposite Provo the 7th and 8th. No wonder the Mormons grin to see us marching out again today. Your Mormon is of practical turn and by no means endorses the habit of beating about, to the loss of valuable time, together with the strain of personal muscle. We head, however, for Cedar Valley today, having, after twelve miles or more, above a sub-range of hills to the westward of Lake Utah and the Jordan, reached that delectable point—nor indeed, do we find ourselves uncomfortably located; being in our tents upon a rise, threaded by a small stream, and hemmed in at rear by bold elevations sprung with cedar and some pine. A beautiful view of Lake Utah, with the towns of Lehi, Battle Creek,<sup>62</sup> and Provo, upon the opposite bank, appears distantly at our front with the Wasatch range lifting in the background their enormous barrier, peaked, and capped at intervals with snow. It is here, then, once again, we abide in camp what further is to come.

July 17

With the cessation of marches and out-of-door fatigue, come the irritating influences of aggregation and indoor life. Nothing, then, could answer the purpose, or satisfy the sensibility of Cooke, but to put in arrest with charges, Sibley<sup>63</sup> of the Dragoons—inventor of the tent called after his name, and used by us all winter. The point between Sibley and Cooke was, whether a muster-roll is properly such to muster by, not bearing the signature of the officer whose roll it is.

<sup>62</sup>The name of this community was shortly changed to Pleasant Grove.

<sup>63</sup>Henry H. Sibley was born in Louisiana May 25, 1816, and was graduated from West Point in 1838. He saw active military service in the Texas South-west from that time through the Mexican War, and later in Kansas and Utah, but he resigned his commission May 13, 1861, to enter the Confederate States' service as a Brigadier General. He defeated his erstwhile commanding officer, Colonel E. R. S. Canby, in a minor military engagement in New Mexico in 1862. After the Civil War, he served for several years in the Egyptian Army, constructing coast and river defenses. He later returned and toured the United States in the 1870's, lecturing on Egypt. He was the inventor of a military troop tent—a marked improvement over the types previously used by the army. It was constructed on the same general plan as the Sioux Indian wigwam, made of canvas and upheld by a pole supported upon an iron tripod, between the three legs of which a fire could be made upon the ground (the Sibley Stove), for which he was granted a patent and a contract for royalties before the Civil War. However, as he had joined the Confederacy before any payments were due, the royalties were disallowed on the grounds of the inventor's disloyalty. He died August 23, 1886.



Sibley contended, with Grier Talmadge for counsel, that no officer could sign or certify to a roll, not proven in the text by the answer of every man held to be present at the muster. What if a man had died, or deserted between the time he was placed upon the roll as "present," and the actual calling of the roll? And the Court sustained and acquitted Sibley. As a member of the Court, I was invited by the Dragoon people to partake of champaigne and sardines—the trial being over. And so we had a rather pleasant time of it. But what, now, will a really meritorious officer, and refined writer and gentleman, do next, to make himself absurd?

There visits me in camp here, a young man named Clarke. He is son of Lorenzo Clarke, a cousin of mine, whom I knew as a child, in Canada—where his father lived, down by the Rideau River. Lorenzo Clarke became at an early date an adherent of the Mormon Church, and has been with them in all their pilgrimages. He served, moreover, as Lieutenant in the Mormon Battalion, which accompanied Fremont to California—doing good service.<sup>64</sup> Of latter days my cousin has dwelt with his people in the Valley of Salt Lake, and, as I learn by the young man, has a place at Ogden. It brings up many reminiscences to see a member of the family, and I talk a good deal with the present representative. Clarke tells me of many things connected with the late demonstrations of the Mormons, and says his father commanded the troops in the work extending across the front beneath the cliffs in Echo Cañon. He tells me also how glad his father would be to see me—for he remembers me perfectly well—and both father and son invite me earnestly to visit them. Well, one might do worse—and we will see. Clarke, by the way, the Mormon, and Elder at that, is brother to Amos Clarke, who visited us at Snelling and who had a place above Minneapolis.

### July 19, 1858

It having been determined to establish at Bridger's Fort, a regular form of post, Bee's Company "D," and Dunovant's<sup>65</sup> "K," have been ordered, and return back over the route, to

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<sup>64</sup>Tracy, of course, is in error. It was Col. Philip St. George Cooke who led the Mormon Battalion to California, not Fremont. As an incident of the War with Mexico, 500 Mormon pioneers volunteered for service in the United States army (June 19, 1846) and marched from Council Bluffs to California by way of Santa Fe. Cf. Creer, *Utah and the Nation*, pp. 31-55. This feat of the Mormon Battalion is one of the longest infantry marches in American military history.

<sup>65</sup>Capt. John Dunovant, a native of South Carolina, commissioned March 3, 1855.

set up the buildings, and form the garrison. Canby in command. Thus will be reduced the 10th in the valley, to eight companies.

Accompanying the foregoing, who leave today, will be the Volunteer battalion, made up of the teamsters and trainmen at large, at Camp Scott last winter. The volunteers, continuing forward under Bee, after reaching Bridger, will proceed to Leavenworth, to be disbanded, and paid off. In place of being vagabonds about camp, with no means, these men were put to the best possible use, and will return, improved in every regard by their drill and discipline, and with a handsome sum due them upon the payrolls. Good-bye, our Volunteers!

July 31, 1858

Sketch in the valley at the front, with distant view of Lake Utah and the Wasatch range. Dudley\* is not quite satisfied with the mountains, and suggests that they should be made larger. This man has not the slightest conception that he is an ass, and inasmuch as to bray him in a mortar would have no effect to convince him, he will go through life as composedly cheerful as if he were not an ass. Happy Dudley!

It was but a few evenings since, while Dr. Moore, Kelly and myself, and some others, were sitting in front of my tent, in the magnificent moonlight, a black pointer bitch, belonging to Tidball, rushed into the center of the partial circle formed by us, and from her jaws deposited upon the ground, a human head! It was much dried and mummified with the high atmosphere of these regions, but was in other regards sufficiently perfect to be designated, with its long hair, as the head of a woman. From a closer inspection, Dr. Moore determined too that the skin at the throat, or below the jaw had been gashed, and the whole head undoubtedly severed from the trunk. A murder? Why not? We all know the fate dealt out to the so-called unfaithful of the Mormon women. And how many, too, may it please your Committee in Congress—how many of these canyons have echoed to the wild shriek of the miserable wretches, appealing in vain against the knife that set loose their blood in a

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\*Lt. Nathan A. M. Dudley, native of Massachusetts, received his commission March 3, 1855. On Jan. 19, 1865, he was brevetted Brigadier General of Volunteers for his services during the Civil War, especially at the siege of Port Hudson, La. He retired in 1889.

torrent? Murder? These remoter haunts are aghast with the dead cast in upon them, and the remains securely hidden in their sands, or beneath their brush and debris, from the light of heaven. This dog, now, scouting at random, hither and thither, has come across both head and body in some lonelier gulch or recess, and as if in judgment upon its persecutors, unearthed and brought into our midst, this ghastly trophy. We seemed to feel by our instinct, that there was a significance in it all, and, if we could do little more we could at least have the animal watched, in the trust that she might return and indicate to us the spot from which the head had been procured. In the meantime, this sad relic of the female, maid or matron, dead, I had deposited as decently as might be in the ground at front of our parade."

August 5, 1858

The birthday of the child I have not seen, our little son Parris. But there be others to make it pleasant for you, and so how fare you Master Parris?

August 8

Alexander, Maynadier,<sup>68</sup> Marcy, Gardner, Tidball, Gove,<sup>69</sup> and others are upon leave for the States, and file outward

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<sup>67</sup>Tracy, as is evident, was only too willing to allow his anti-Mormon prejudices to play tricks with his judgment. The passage, however, reflects a typical non-Mormon misconception of the principle of "blood atonement" for infidelity, marital and religious. According to the contemporary Latter-day Saint belief, such sins could best be atoned for by the free shedding of blood on the part of the sinner. There is no real evidence that this practice was ever carried to extremes, save by certain religious fanatics, for whom the official Church could hardly be held accountable. A. L. Neff, in his *History of Utah*, pp. 412-416, presents a dispassionate discussion of the topic.

<sup>68</sup>Henry E. Maynadier was a native of Virginia, brevetted 2nd Lieutenant in 1851, and promoted Oct. 20, 1855 to the post of Regimental Adjutant. During the Civil War he served under Admiral Foote, and at its conclusion was brevetted Major General. He later commanded frontier operations against hostile Indian tribes.

<sup>69</sup>Captain Jesse A. Gove, of New Hampshire, was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant of Infantry March 8, 1847, and promoted to captaincy March 3, 1855; Col. 22nd Mass. Volunteers, March 9, 1861. The volume of his letters to his wife and fugitive journalistic essays, published by the New Hampshire Historical Society (Vol. XII of the *Collections*, edited by Otis G. Hammond, Concord, N. H., 1928) is a valuable companion piece to the Tracy diary. Gove returned to frontier duty two years later, and was in command of Fort Bridger, Wyoming, from May 29 to August 29, 1861. He was killed at the battle of Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

this morning, accompanied by a body of men to be discharged at Leavenworth. Verily, the camp is becoming thinner somewhat, and from our midst are taken many familiar faces.

### August 18, 1858

Suffering at the hands of Alexander what I deemed a keen injustice, in the occasion of blame without cause, in the presence of the regiment, I delivered to that officer a piece of my mind intended to make good the insult. Result, charges of "disrespect," and suspension for one month, by a Court. Colonel Johnson, commanding, remits the suspension, and returns me to duty. My first, and, as I trust, last court. But there are times and seasons when one must resent, or rest forever in obloquy.

My first detail as Field Officer of the Day, and with the extended tour of the whole camp, I find myself at night, decidedly fatigued.

### August 20

Captain Simpson,<sup>70</sup> of the Engineers, who has arrived in camp, from Washington, brings to me, from Sarah, a perfectly exquisite photograph portrait of little Parris.

### August 25

Letter to Sarah with check for \$60. Write by last mail also.

### September 28, 1858

I have lost the date, but I think it was upon the 10th instant, that, under the not unexpected orders, we struck camp at the first point occupied in Cedar Valley, and marching southward, past the little Mormon village, made about ten miles to our present locality—styled "Camp Floyd," after the Secretary of War.<sup>71</sup> At this point, ground having been regu-

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<sup>70</sup>Captain James H. Simpson, U. S. Engineers, had been commissioned to explore and map possible roads for Johnston's army. He marked out a route from Camp Floyd to Fort Bridger through Provo Canyon (then known as Timpanogos Canyon) and later surveyed the trail followed by the Overland Express between Floyd and Carson Valley, Nevada, making extensive examinations of the geology, flora, and fauna of the region. His *Report of Explorations Across the Great Basin* (Washington, D.C., 1859), is one of the more valuable of the early government documents on the Far West.

<sup>71</sup>John B. Floyd of Virginia, Secretary of War in Buchanan's cabinet. Floyd has been accused of engineering the Utah Expedition as a part of his general scheme of scattering the Union forces prior to the Civil War. There seems to be no real basis for this charge. Cf. Edward Channing, *A History of the United States* (New York, 1937), Vol. VI, pp. 285-287.



larly laid out for the purpose, we have engaged in the erection of huts and quarters of adobie [sic] for the accommodation of the whole command. Hired Mormon laborers, hundreds of them, make the adobies, and the troops build with them the structures. To erect a wall, requires with the adobies—(8x11, and 4 inches thick)—a given amount of mud, or by courtesy, mortar, made from the soil immediately at hand, and applied of a consistency with the gruel of Macbeth's Witches—"thick and slab." Here, however, we realize again, the vexatious results of Mormon upon our trains last autumn, and the ruin by fire of the quartermaster's tools, which have since been replaced in but a minor degree. So that to save the men's hands from actual use as trowels, I have been compelled to cut up, and after some softening fashion into the form of these useful instruments, two of my treasured Company saws. Private Vanderbeck—who can do anything—achieved the process, and, with our mess-pans adapted as carriers for mortar, and tossed up by the walls, from one to another—we are getting on swimmingly. Pine, from the hills hard by—working with the toughness of whalebone—affords us plates and sills and rafters; while for roofing purposes proper boards from Brigham's mills,<sup>72</sup> away up in the mountains are to be laid lengthwise from the ridge-poles, and having then been battened with strips at the seams, will be finished down with three inches of adobie mortar, "well laid on" above the surface entire. For we are to have to each squad-room of the men's quarters, four windows, of four panes each of sight by the glass. For the officers' huts, or houses, a similar allowance. Flooring, except for headquarters and the staff, will be of the earth as we find it—though it is presumed there will be no objection to our laying boards, or perhaps carpeting with wagon-covers, provided no expense be thereby incurred to the public. Thus, we are to abide in style, defying alike, within our walls and beneath our shingling of mud, the blasts and rains of winter, or the scorching rays of the summer's sun! These things are, of course, much in the future. At present, our walls are but partially up, with door and window and plates and rafters getting gradually into place. In the meantime as a drawback to our enthusiasm, and in addition to the heat, there comes upon us an infliction in the form of the dust storm.<sup>73</sup> The

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<sup>72</sup>The early pioneer sawmills were located in several of the canyons of the Wasatch range, notably in Mill Creek.

<sup>73</sup>Tracy does not exaggerate the dust storms. They still come roaring out of the southwest desert areas, with stifling thickness and depressing persistence.

earth is beaten or has been dried by the sun into such a subtlety of fineness, that to step is like stepping into or upon fleecy ashes. Without visible cause, as well, this dust will go whirling upwards into air, in pillars a mile high; and these, traversing with their formation, up and down the valley, black as night, and like great giants shut from vision every object beneath them. When one of these clouds, or columns, happens in its gyrations to come athwart our camp-ground, the dust becomes so impregnated as to well-nigh stifle both man and beast; while for the density at large the very men upon the walls can hardly see from one to the other. Upon a glimpse of the coming visitation, those who can, flee to the right and left, and get, if possible, cover in tents, or elsewhere; while the animals, mules in particular, compelled to the endurance, hump themselves, and lay back their ears, and turning tail-to with heads down abide it as they may. But there is neither nook, cranny or crevice, impervious to the dust particles, which will find their way into even books closed up, and fast locked and strapped down in our trunks. Dinner, as set forth in my tent, recently by Mr. Stadtmiller, and composed of eggs, scrambled, rice, corncakes, and butter fresh and sweet from the market ground near camp, together with peach sauce and other luxuries, was, in an unprotected moment, assailed by one of these storms, or tornadoes, and looked, in a few moments, as if it had been dug down to, at Pompeii. Faring, also, myself, toward the Sutler's one day, I was caught in one of the whirls which had, as it were, stolen up behind me, and for a brief space, it seemed almost as if the end had come. I had, indeed, resolved, as a last resource, to cast myself, like one of the pilgrims in the desert—upon the ground when the bulk of the cloud went by. Some men, who had watched me overtaken from their work by the adobies, stared, with my release and actual bodily presence, as though they had expected to see but an empty spot where I had been traversing the sage. The wind, too, when it gets itself up above these valleys, will start a continuous and suffocating cloud, enveloping us for hours, and leaving to the outside view, but a great yellow patch where late appeared by thousands, men and animals upon their occupation. And this, I can sometimes see, from the height where we have an out-guard, upon my round as Field Officer of the Day. Why, then a locality with a soil like this for a post or camp? Nothing like it, when these storms or whirls set in, save it might be Sahara itself, or the regions of the welling sulphur of the volcano. At other

times, when the winds are lulled, or the giants laid, nothing can exceed the delicate purity and sweetness of the air. Near unto camp, and by the head thereof, a spring furnishes a copious supply of good water. Beyond, and about, upon all sides, to the hills that bound us, greets the eye, the same gray mantling of the sage—a sort of death-in-life, and life-in-death, that wearies at the last to gaze upon.<sup>74</sup> The view of Lake Utah, so pleasant from what we call the “upper camp,” is here lost to us; although, eastwardly, above the lesser elevations, we have the peaks and rocks, with their gulches of melting snow that still rise with the ranges of the Wasatch—past the Lake. We were in search of a place for camp—in fact, spent sometime looking around for it. And there can be no doubt we have found it.

### October 7, 1858

Some distance hence, and nigh the town of Springville, upon the shores of Lake Utah, to the southeast, a difficulty, as it appears, arose between some Dragoons, upon a scout, and a body of Ute Indians. In the course of a melee which followed, a Sergeant of the Dragoons, shot at a gallop—and the shot is said to have been a very fine one, a member of the Ute band. Whereupon the inhabitants of the locality, have become excited, and look for an incursion of the Utes, and have applied to Colonel Johnson for protection. Colonel Johnson, passing down his order to the camp below, Ruggles of the 5th has been designated with one hundred men for a point below Springville, and near Spanish Fork Canyon; somebody else below Ruggles, and myself, with my company strengthened up to another hundred men, have been divided to take post near to Springville and between that place and the mountains. Day before yesterday it was, that Colonel Smith called me to his tent, and communicated the order, which he said “concerned me,” and by yesterday morning at daylight, I was to have been upon my way. But quartermasters are constitutionally slow, and it having been determined to send with me an additional train for forage, a delay took place, even after our tents were struck, and we were tided over to today. In the meanwhile, a perfectly splendid shower of rain has laid the dust, and our prospect is ten to one better. With an early bugle, then, we get off, in excellent case from Camp Floyd, and, once outside its confines, feel like mountain Scots, once more released to their native heather. Sawing,

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<sup>74</sup>See poem at end of Journal.



hewing, mixing of mud-mortar, and laying of dobies, is no occupation for the soldier, and he joys to escape the very notion of such. Whereupon it is with a resolute step, and a right good will, the men traverse the tough paths among the sage, and, my command being small, I have but one halt before reaching the crest of the lower hills to the eastward, eleven miles away. Outward, from our point of halting our route lay for five or six miles through the hills to the bridge of the Jordan. The way is generally rough and the outlook sterile. Reaching, however, the bridge, which crosses the Jordan river near to its point of outflow from Lake Utah, we are gladdened with the sight of green grass and green trees and a smoother road along the bottom. Soon we are at the outer wall of the town of Lehi.<sup>76</sup> This wall is not of formidable character, being of adobie, some twelve feet high and set up as a protection against Indians.<sup>77</sup> Entering at the wide gateway minus its gate, we pass the hamlet, for such only it is, and at a point a mile or so beyond, halt, and go into camp for the night. A pleasant spring bubbles near us, and for the money, youths who have come out from Lehi, furnish us fresh eggs, milk, and nice vegetables. March, 21½ miles.

### October 8, 1858

With a good road, and a clear course, it is surprising how my hundred men get on today. American Fork and Battle Creek, are passed, and although few of the people, from their sulkings, turn out to even note us upon the way, the command are still in spirits. Between Battle Creek and Provo, we pass along a natural level bench, and here my quartette of Germans beguile the time, and strengthen the step, with singing, not so easily surpassed. The song of "Hark the Trumpet," of Teutonic origin, rang out, with its chorus, as it were of the trumpets themselves, rousing the echoes far away against the hills at our left. Even the Mormons, as they heard it aloof, paused to listen. Bugler Stensberg, then proposed a song of lighter measure, setting off himself boldly with the air, and joined in other parts, by the quartette. Reaching a branch of Provo River, a mile or so this side the city, we camp—again, having by one o'clock p.m. made our seventeen good miles.

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<sup>76</sup>Lehi is about twenty-one miles from the site of Camp Floyd.

<sup>77</sup>Many of the early Utah settlements were fortified with mud walls as a protection against the Indians. Cf. Neff, *op. cit.*, 207-216.



October 9, 1858

The town, or city, if you will, of Provo, is the largest at the eastern shore of Lake Utah, lying beyond the bench, or plateau of which I have spoken, and near to the mouth of a grand opening through the range, through which rushes, downward to the Lake, The Timpanogos, or—as the Mormons prefer to call it—Provo River. The main street of the town, through which we passed on quitting camp for the road once more, is broad and straight having at either side the inevitable streamlets, brought down by canals from the mountains, or higher grounds, for the purposes of general irrigation. These streamlets impart a pleasant, living look, and as turned regularly on keep green the gardens at right and left, as also, in their babbling flow, the poplars and locust trees, planted at intervals along. The houses are separated at considerable intervals, as in Salt Lake City, and built mainly of adobe—although there are not lacking those of wood, and, I think, one or two of stone. In chief, however, stood the tithing house of the town—looming its wood to the proportions of an ark aground. It is said that in this huge structure Young sojourned with his wives and numerous family on the entrance of the troops into the valley. But though it was full eight of the morning before my command had come upon this central highway of the town, few of the inhabitants appeared to be stirring—a circumstance better accounted for by the fact that they had probably withdrawn upon our appearance, from every public place, and were gazing forth—if gaze they chose—from behind windows, or at nooks and corners of fences, or the like. Of a certainty, they came not out to greet us, and we had reason to feel the odium of unpopularity with so interesting a branch of our grand community. And yet it was, if not in their own, at least in the behalf of their neighbors, we had come out from our fastness and shadow of dust. Seven miles away from Provo, and upon a height of plateau overlooking a stream at the hither side of Springville, and immediately upon the further bank, Springville itself, we established before noon our camp, with the design to change locality so soon as a better may be found. Doctor Hurt,<sup>77</sup> the Indian Agent, who

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<sup>77</sup>Dr. Garland Hurt was appointed Indian agent in 1855. He proved sharply critical of the Mormon policies in regard to the aborigines of Utah, which, he claimed, were intended to create antagonism between the latter and the federal government, and, indeed, all "Mericans." His caustic correspondence with George Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, played its part in determining President Buchanan to dispatch the army to Utah.

was driven out by the Mormons last winter, and who only escaped with his life through the devotion and faithfulness of his Ute guides, calls upon us at our tent, and from him we gain much desirable information, as to the lay of the country about, while we also enjoy very much his conversation upon many topics. During the afternoon, a tarantula of fair proportions, makes an incursion about my tent, but having inveigled him near to the mouth of a bottle with a big opening, I poke suddenly in the spider, and cork him down tight.

### October 11, 1858

We remained in camp yesterday, but good ground having been hunted up by Thompson<sup>78</sup> beyond the village, we move, and enter into a sort of permanent camp—with wagons in corral, tents in line, and parade ground laid out in order. We are about a quarter of a mile without the walls of Springville, and near to and at left of the road running southward, past the eastern-most point of Utah Lake—hard by, and plain to see. A beautiful spring supplies us with water, but a few spaces across the way from my guard tent. To our front extends beyond a ravine, a plain or bench walled at points with dobie, and at present, this being the autumn, patches appear cultivated in many places and yellow with the stubble of recently reaped wheat and oats. Beyond the level rises abruptly the chain forming the foot hills of the Wasatch range, and at considerable distance below, opens among the ragged rocks and points, Spanish Fork Canyon. From that point, if any, we will have an incursion, though this danger is far from great. Behind us, at our right, are fields of the Mormons fenced and bordered with trees—mainly locusts—and trenched deep, for the induction of water. Eight or ten miles southward, below the Lake, and at my right, lies, with his command, Ruggles of the 5th, near by some little town, of which I forget the name. Farther on, somewhere, Paul, Major in the 7th Infantry, holds watch and ward—similarly with Ruggles and myself. There are also some Dragoons about, some of the younger officers of whom, with my good friend Dr. Moore, visit me in my camp, this evening. All things getting quiet about—write Sarah and Mr. Tracy.

### October 12

Thompson, my Lieutenant, kills, this morning, near to the Lake, a fine wild goose, and we have served up the bird

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<sup>78</sup>2nd Lt. James L. Thompson, a native of Michigan, commissioned June 27, 1856.

by Mr. Stadtmiller for dinner. Doctor Moore, happening by at the time is called in to assist in the demolition, and between us all, the bones of the goose were made to appear at the finish, bare and desolate, indeed. My parade ground, which is of a good, gravel surface, has been trimmed up and cleared of every bit of brush or weed, or sign thereof. Tents have also been tautened, and pinned down with more exactness, and the corral of the wagons improved. So that we have things neat, and in order. Drills at skirmishing will commence by tomorrow, and I purpose to expend my blank cartridges liberally, with some ball—for the men are rusty in the regular firings. These people of Springville, at my rear, being Mormons, and, by their own apparent estimate, natural enemies, it is less singular that while they afford no hospitality, they are nevertheless on the alert to profit at every point as they may, from our presence. An individual, somewhat sinister of aspect, promising himself, doubtless, a fair harvest by dispensing to my men liquor, from his wagon, drove up with that vehicle today to a point outside my line of sentinels—laying bare, directly from among a mass of straw, the seductive proportions of a barrel of the strong drink of the region, y'clept "Valley Tan."<sup>7</sup> Now, I walked out to the individual in question, and stated to him my disinclination to have my men, who were good men, tempted in this way, and suggested that elsewhere, perhaps, he might find a better market. Wrought with a sense of his rights as a citizen, my friend declined to depart, and declared he would sell to all comers the "Valley Tan" of his barrel, to soldiers as well as others, as much as suited him to sell, and that no "Captain of regulars" could prevent him from occupation of the ground for this or any other purpose. The citizen was in a degree right in this, but the Captain of regulars could, in like manner, if he preferred, *keep his men at home*. Whereupon, with an extra sentinel, and strict orders to prevent any man from visiting the wagon, I was enabled to keep my good boys upon their side of the line—leaving the Mormon, with his "Valley Tan," beyond. The "sogers" did but grin at the discomfited dealer, and after abiding in vain till past dusk even, it seemed to occur to him that my view of the case was not wholly inaccurate, and that

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<sup>7</sup>Kirk Anderson's *Valley Tan* was also the name of the first Gentile newspaper to be published in Utah. Its first issue was dated "Great Salt Lake City, U. T., Friday, Nov. 6, 1858." Violently anti-Mormon, it served the interests of the men of Camp Floyd, among whom it was principally circulated. Cf. J. Cecil Alter, *Early Utah Journalism* (Salt Lake City, 1938), pp. 379-384.



elsewhere his sales might prove more frequent and remunerating. At any rate, he put in his horse, and leading him slowly off by the bit, disappeared, wagon and all, within the shadow of the gateway of the town.

October 14, 1858

Our drills are a success, and the notes of the bugle, and the crack of rifles, enliven these localities as, it is probable, they have not of late been enlivened. Should our mock fights chance to become real ones, we shall know this ground.

Waiving all points of etiquette or ceremony, I call today, with my subaltern Thompson, upon the Mormon Bishop, in town. The one wife, out of the Bishop's nine, on duty at the door, opening the same but a little way, informed us the Bishop was not at home. As a point of fact, Johnson—for that was the Bishop's name,<sup>80</sup> was abiding the interval in his back garden, but my lieutenant and myself, having acquitted ourselves of that portion of the regulation which requires that officers in command shall conciliate civilian authorities—we tendered respectively to the wife aforesaid, our cards, and departed. The village of Springville, although accounted by the Mormons, a very pretty one, presents from the interior little to attract or interest. Houses of adobie, or, on occasions, of wood unpainted—fences of pickets, poles or brush; wheat and oat stacks, or shocks of corn; these, with scattered trees of aspen or locust—the garden with its fading vegetables, as also with the ever-running streams at the road-sides, form the objects principally attracting the eye. One thing, however, Thompson and myself had occasion to observe; and that was, that wherever we went, there lounged about, or followed upon our track, a single citizen, who never failed to keep his eye upon us. It is the Mormon system of espial, or of "shadowing" forever, strangers. Having as yet no sinister intentions, and finding, very soon, the novelties of the town to pall, we took our backward way to camp.

Albeit the male portion of the population have been chary of their presence—as well as, since the affair of the "Valley Tan"—of their wares, there have been coming among us, and have been permitted to come—a couple of women—Welsh, as it proves—so poor, so broken, and disconsolate of aspect, that their market for pies—minus every form of sweetening—has, perhaps, been better than it might otherwise have been,

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<sup>80</sup>Bishop Aaron Johnson, prominent in the Indian skirmishes with Chief Walker earlier in the decade.



had the venders [sic] themselves appeared a little more in case. To all questions as had relation to themselves, their history, or the doings of the Mormons hereabouts, these women have generally maintained silence, or answered evasively, or with the affectation of knowing nothing. More particularly with regard to what are called the Parrish murders,<sup>21</sup> said to have taken place near by this spot, they declared their entire ignorance, and "had never heard of such a thing." This, indeed, is Mormon discipline, and the point to which it may be carried. Tea, however, may be said to be among the most royal of your humanizers. First brought to light and use by the oldest of the nations of the globe, who shall say what it has not done to cement, humanize, and maintain, morally, politically and socially, the mighty Empire of the Brother of the Sun? Take from the Chinaman his tea and its influences, and would there or not be anarchy in the land wherein he sprung? Take from our own little empire of the tea-room, the gossip, the geniality, and good companionship that flows from the cup that cheers but not inebriates; and would we or would we not be the less civilized and humanized—the one toward the other? Wherefore it was, that, only last evening, the two women in question, having been invited into my tent for a jorum of tea—hot, strong, thoroughly sweetened, and with plenty of it—manifested less and less of reserve, and friendly under the genial influences of the herb, coupled with a sample in a seidlitz box, and some sugar, to take home—became fairly communicative. The blaze from the cedar log at the front of my wide open wall-tent, threw in by fits the flicker of its rays, making to dance the shadows on the canvas at the rear, when the taller, and poorer looking of the pair, gave a kind of outline of herself, and history, and how it chanced she had turned Mormon, and come hitherward to Salt Lake Valley. Her tale was, of course, in substance, the oft-repeated one of the dupes of the church scamps, and their commissaries and satelites, whether abroad or at home. Welsh, as stated, by extract, and inheriting by her family, some four hundred pounds, in addition to plate and jewelry, of probably moderate value, she formed a just and legitimate quarry for the Mormon Elder on his mission.

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<sup>21</sup>William R. Parrish, Beason Parrish, his son, and G. C. Potter were shot and stabbed to death on the night of March 14, 1857, at Springville. John Cradlebaugh, judge of the 2nd judicial district of Utah Territory, in the subsequent investigation held at Provo in 1859, unsuccessfully attempted to arraign local Mormon authorities on the charge of having perpetrated the crime. Cradlebaugh charged "men in high authority" with having deliberately obstructed justice.

She could spin, weave, cook, keep house, do garden or field work, and, as she expressed it could even "Midwife" a little. "To which last qualification, Sister, not to speak of all the others," said the Elder, "you will be at home in Zion, and suit us to a charm." Thus the Elder, and in due time, the Sister, with her effects and jewelry, was placed on board ship, and landing at New Orleans, and proceeding by steamer to Leavenworth, set forth upon her journey across the plains. As it chanced, one of the agents, in conduct of the train with which the Sister traveled, took a fancy to her jewelry—which she had exhibited to him—and borrowing it in the box one evening, to show to a friend—forever after forgot to return it. This was her first loss, but on reaching Salt Lake City, a chest of clothing which she had been advised to purchase new, and bring along, was confiscated. "And now, Sister," said the prophet, upon an interview, "What you want next is a husband, and we have one ready and waiting." Upon this, a miserable looking little brute with red hair, and sinister face, was assigned to her, and the marriage declared consummated [*sic*] on the spot. She was then appointed to occupy, improve and replenish with her husband, a portion of land near Springville, and here it was she had resided ever since, in fulfilment of the mandate of the church, in all, perhaps, save the one item of replenishing—for she had no children born to her. Little by little, as well, her means had become exhausted, or had been by one or another pretense, extracted from her by the cormorants under whom, and within whose absolute power, she found herself placed. So that she was now very poor, picking up a living as she might, and glad to sell us pies—which she would sweeten better, only that there was no sugar, and but little even of sorghum. The little man we had seen coming down with her once or twice, was her husband. "But why not, if you are aggrieved here, and in poverty, write your family and friends in Wales?" "Write? Have I not written, and look you, upon the evening of mailing my letter, I found it produced, and, with the seal broken, heard it read at a meeting of our people as a rare bit of gossip, from a Sister who was not satisfied with her state hereaway!" "And that's the way they serve you," continued the downcast and disheartened woman, "and if you tried to leave, or do anything else without their sanction, they'd know all about it, and if not by your letters, by spies and informers of every sort—and you couldn't help yourself any way." "Suppose you went in spite of them?" "You have heard of the Destroyers? They'd follow you, and murder you in canyons, and cut your throat from ear [to ear]." I am compelled to

say that the air and manner of the woman, filled as she was with the terrible truth of the things she uttered, called to mind vividly upon my own part, the head with the severed throat, brought into our camp in Cedar Valley, by Tidball's pointer bitch. Influenced, perhaps by this, I made further inquiry and asked the woman what she knew of her own observation of such things. Glancing around in a nervous manner, she replied that she had seen people with their throats cut, not in the canyons, but in among the ice of the Jordan, in the spring of the year—adding, "and if I had time, Captain, I could tell you stories of such things that would make your hair stand on end in the daytime"—which were her exact words. "Then," said she, "there was Yates, that sold the regulars the powder at Green River, last fall, and afterwards tried to leave. He disappeared—'went up the pocket of the Lord,' we call it—and Bill Hickman—one of the 'Destroyers'—passed through this very town, wearing the overcoat of Yates, and riding his bay pony." Thus the riddle of the man who left the command of Marcy, on our return march from the expedition to Green River, was solved. There could be, as there really is, no further doubt as to his fate. Hickman, who was also at one time in our camp by Ham's Fork is noted as one of the most villainous and merciless of all the gang of "Destroying Angels"<sup>82</sup> in their work of freeing themselves of enemies.

It was getting on towards tattoo, but the woman was a rapid talker, and as she seemed still devoted to the tea, which she was drinking from my favorite white bowl—I went on to question her upon a theme which I had before broached but upon which I could heretofore get no stated answer—to wit, the matter of what was called the "Parrish murder," said to have taken place near to the locality occupied by me.

Within, perhaps a dozen rods of my tent, at the rear, and in the direction of the town, runs a fence which, coming to the road makes an angle, and runs towards the gate of the town wall; and it was at a point in the road opposite to the corner thus formed by the fence that the so-called Parrish murders

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<sup>82</sup>The "Destroying Angels," also known as the "Danite Band," was an allegedly oath-bound commando group, service in which was for twenty years. Its members were reputedly pledged to carry out the instructions of its leaders given orally or by implication. Little is actually known of the operations of the band. Under such characters as "Bill" Hickman and Porter Rockwell, undoubtedly it engaged in dangerous if not criminal dealings, far beyond the original intent of its organization.



had their initiation. Parrish, senior, abiding at or near Springville, desired to quit the Valley. He was at first given permission, but on the morning of his intended departure, was halted, and his teams, ambulance and wagons were seized by the authorities, under pretext of unpaid moneys. Holding still to his determination, Parrish contrived to have secreted in the neighborhood of Spanish Fork Canyon, certain horses, wherewith, with his two sons, to make his escape. Joining with him in the effort, and professing to aid in his objects, was a fourth man, who was nevertheless a spy, and who betrayed at every step the plans as matured by Parrish. He even went so far as to accompany the Parrishes upon the night of their newer departure, piloting them as far as the point opposite to the fence named. Upon the arrival, then, of the party, the body or detail concealed for the purpose behind the fence, and within an outer ditch, fired as they supposed upon Parrish and the two sons. A ball, however, by accident, or otherwise, took effect upon the informer, killing him instantly. One of the sons was also killed at once, and the elder Parrish wounded. The remaining son, a boy of sixteen, grazed by the bullets, fled in terror to an uncle in the town below, and was ultimately spared. The old man, badly hurt, as he was, now engaged in a hand to hand contest with the waylayers, who sprang to the road to finish up their bloody work. But Parrish, who had been a sailor in his youth, and learned the use of the knife and who did not cringe, or scorn activity, fought with such tenacity and desperation that it was not until the whole party had gotten, in their scuffle, as far as my present camp-ground, that the victim was at last dispatched. "And it was right here," said the Welsh woman, with her eyes fairly starting with the recollection—"right here, about where your tent stands, that the old man fell, and his body with that of his son, with the throats of both cut from ear to ear—was seen next day by the townspeople. Ever since, though," pursued the woman, "we have called this place 'Golgotha,' and that's the name it goes by now. The body of the spy," she concluded, "was carried off, and buried with respect, elsewhere." How much of exaggeration there may have been in points of the woman's version, owing to whatever cause, it were of course, impossible to say, but the main facts of all she stated are unquestionably true.<sup>88</sup> The elder, or stouter of the two women,

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<sup>88</sup>Evidence satisfactory to Tracy in his state of mind would hardly prove equally convincing to one less biased. It is odd that he does not furnish the names of these women.



came in from time to time with a nod or ejaculation, generally confirmatory of what was said, but further took no part—save to dispose in the fullest manner of her share of the tea and its accompaniments. "For," said they both, "we have never had, since we have been in the Valley, a dish of tea such as this, and as to white sugar, it is a thing almost unknown among us."<sup>84</sup> For sometime, the notes of our bugles had died away for the night in the echoes of the mountains, and, filled and stimulated with a second supply of the decoction of our favorite herb, the women with their gratuities in hand, and in some apprehension at having stayed so long, rose, to depart. To attend them upon their way, an escort of the gallant Corporal Davis, with a file of men, was assigned from the guard, and soon the forms of all disappeared down the road of the veritable murder itself—a chapter, it may be said, of vindictiveness and villainy, rarely surpassed.

### October 18, 1858

Col. Ruggles, of the 5th, who has been relieved from the town below, passes with his command on the way to camp. Finished letter to Mr. Tracy, to mail for the States tomorrow. Chat with the Welsh people of tea and gossip memory.

### October 19

Rising at two this morning, I proceed with Stensburg towards Spanish Fork Canñon, some four miles, to get a goose. We reached the point where these birds collect in flocks for the night, resting on the ground, but having a discipline and sentinels of their own the geese did not wait for us. With the first glimpse had by us of the gray patch upon the fields that made their flock, we saw them also rise, with the brushing of a thousand wings, and bend their course for the lake at our rear. A long shot at a single specimen that flew past our direction failed to bring it down, although Louis declared he heard the shot rattle upon it. Returning, upon this, we reach camp a little fagged, and not over delighted with the excursion. Wild geese to be successfully hunted, must be well understood. Louis and I, however, had a fair view of the canyon, which,

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<sup>84</sup>What is meant is the soft brownish-white sugar of the period, for granulated sugar was not being made at the time. The Mormon pioneers employed a number of substitutes, such as molasses, honey, boilings from tree sap, corn stalks, and beets. But the "store sugar" was usually coarse and brown.

with the rising sun, would make a picture superb to see. During the afternoon visit town.

During the evening as well of this day, we have had and enjoyed a species of excitement peculiar to the locality and the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed. I have alluded to the spy or "policeman," as the Mormons style him, always upon the track of Thompson and myself, when we visited the village. The men, going upon "pass," have complained to me of the same thing, and to an extent amounting to an absolute dogging and nuisance. Wherefore, I resolved to test the steel of the "policemen" in question, and afford them, if nothing else, a run.

So it chanced that upon the march down, one Harrington, of my company, straying in a heedless way, or purposely quitting for good, had been classed and returned as a deserter. Calling, then, at evening, Thompson, I intimated that inasmuch as Harrington was as likely as anyone to be lurking about Springville, the lieutenant might pick his men, say ten, and try during the night to circumvent, and arrest him. "And," said I, "place your people at intervals of twenty yards or so to extend above and occupy the ground, filing the one after the other, and then agree upon a signal upon which all can be assembled, in case anything of the deserter be seen." Mr. Thompson, against his wont, almost winked at me, with this order. He certainly smiled in a peculiar way, as he returned answer, "Very well, Sir, I'll do my best, and will take as first man, if you please, Sergeant Robertson." The detail being made and the men ordered out, with side arms only—they were informed of the object in view—to catch the deserter, of course—and the whole departed into the thickening twilight. I began to be a little perplexed with the long absence of the party, for it was not until nearly midnight when the regular tramp of steps along the road, informed me of their return. In a few moments they had reached the parade, and the men being dismissed—with an unusual amount of guffaw on getting inside their Sibleys—Mr. Thompson came up to report. There was no Harrington brought back—I saw that from the first. What then?

Entering the gateway of the town, by himself alone, and leaving Sergeant Robertson, with the men to follow according to instructions, each at his twenty yards, or so behind the man preceding him—and the whole as if they had strayed in individually upon their own account—the Lieutenant started upon his round of the village. Scarcely had he gotten twenty steps

within the gate, when a "policeman," from some convenient nook, was upon his track, following as usual behind him. Soon Robertson closed in, following indifferently upon the track of the "policeman," when lo, a little farther on a second "policeman" places himself behind the sergeant. One of the men follows this second policeman, and so on, until nearly the whole command follow or are followed upon by these Mormon guardians of the night rising at different points. "And the string," said Thompson, "as we wound around the blocks, or traversed in a line, the streets, or turned down by-ways stretching out here and there, might have reached the eighth of a mile—for the Mormons seemed specially on the alert, and were here and there reinforced with stray numbers of their force. After a time, to exercise his legs, and improve his spirits, Thompson commenced the steady trot, known in the Tenth as the "double-quick." Followed Thompson, the policeman, followed him the Sergeant, and followed the Sergeant another policeman, still down to the tail of the strange procession, with police upon the footsteps of the last soldier. Then a halt would take place, then a "shipping of the snake" around the squares, and at every available point about the town again. Till at last, beneath the moon, which in the meantime had risen, the Lieutenant found himself suddenly headed by a couple of Mormons, who sprang from behind a fence, and demanded to know his business, and why he traversed the town at that time of night. To this Thompson, knowing his strength, replied with defiance, and upon further demonstration of force by his opponents, gave through his knuckle, a long, shrill whistle, as agreed upon between himself and the men, and instantly the trot from the rear again commenced. The Mormons, seeing themselves with the next minute, outnumbered, took to their heels, bounding back again over the fence at the wayside. With a quick wit, Thompson called out to the men who had in like manner scattered their "policemen," and who now came rushing up full of vim and frolic—"Harrington at last, boys! There he goes, over the fence there! Thirty dollars to the man who apprehends the deserter!" "And such a race," said Thompson, "the Mormons frightened and fleeing for their lives, and the men inspired by the hope of reward, charging after them. Over the fences, through the garden patches down the lanes and by-ways—one and one again, till the Mormons dodged from sight, and from sheer exhaustion with the game, the Lieutenant, with his people, sat, or rolled down, to laugh themselves hoarse. And

so, Captain," said Thompson, "seeing that the deserter Harrington if he it was, had escaped, and got out of sight entirely, I recalled my men and formed, and marched back to camp. We can try it again, at some future time, should you judge that there is any better chance to carry out the objects." "We'll see about it, Mr. Thompson; in the meantime I am quite satisfied for the present, and as you must be a little tired—Stadt-miller! bring out that commissary whiskey!" Before daylight, a light skimming of snow.

### October 21, 1858

Orders having yesterday reached us to report back to Headquarters, at Camp Floyd, we have been busy with preparation, and this morning get off as early as eight. We are loth to leave our little camp, for it had been pleasant, as I believe, to both officers and men. But needs must under the general orders. The Mormons, such as we saw upon the streets of Springville, looked a little sinister at our cavalcade and seemed to be bothered somewhat relative to events which took place there lately. Something about an effort for a deserter, named Harrington. But no very clear conclusions appeared to have dawned upon the minds of the followers of the prophet, and even as they gazed upon us, we passed upon our way—our extra wagons at least, loaded with forage, which they were to be well paid for.

Reaching the town of Battle Creek, eighteen miles, we had but just got up our tents for camp—beneath trees, and by the margin of the creek—when a party entered, in an earnest way, my tent, and said that if any of us "boys," wanted a drink, he could tell us where to get it. This man was upon the sly, and not, probably, being posted as to shoulder straps, had mistaken the Captain for one of his men. I inquired, however, as to where the spirits could be had, and on being pointed to a clump of shrubbery up the stream, "behind which we would find him—sure"—sent for the Sergeant, and had an extra sentinel put on in no time, to prevent the demoralization possible in the best regulated camp, with bad liquor hawked at random. It was my second triumph over this sort of enemy of our peace and quietness.

### October 22

March at 7 a.m., pass Lehi, and camp in a grassy bottom near to Jordan bridge, upon the higher side. Again, a Mormon seeks me out—they will start up, and light down like flies—



this time to exact and demand remuneration for the grass my mules were browsing. I looked at the fellow, considering, firstly, where he got the soldier's overcoat he wore, and secondly, as putting aside what rule of right himself or his confrere, the Bishop—in whose name he spoke—held the shadow of a claim to the land upon which he now charged the United States for foraging its animals. Satisfying myself, however, with mere surmise upon the question in hand, I directed Mr. Thompson, as quartermaster, to certify as to facts of consumption—leaving the visitor in the government coat, to urge his further claim at the higher headquarters.

After nightfall, we attempted practice shots upon an immense body of wild-geese, camped, as it were, upon a broad patch of alkaline bottom beyond us, and white as snow, but with no successful results. The flock appeared to be headed and marshaled in their movements, by a single large white swan—perfectly visible among the mass, and always first to move or give the alarm. We did not even succeed in a chance shot with our long-range rifles as the birds rose up. And so, of course, no goose tonight—even if we had the onions to match.

### October 23, 1858

It is full one p.m. today, before traversing the hills, and wrestling with the sage of the valley, we reach again Camp Floyd. My report having then been duly made at headquarters I am relieved from the expedition. My surplus men are also now dispatched to their proper companies, my wagons of forage turned over to the chief quartermaster, and with Company H, I find myself upon the ground pertaining to us, and heretofore laid out for our respective quarters. The walls, door-frames, rafters and all were just as we had left them, and looked as though they had been built up once, but since ruined and left disconsolate. Assisted by a detail, however, from the regiment at large, we are to resume tomorrow, and, there can be no doubt, will soon be sheltered. As a matter in [*sic*] course, with the time elapsed, the command at large were in occupation of the huts and quarters in process of erection when we left. For full a half a mile, the principal street extended, lined at either side with buildings pertaining to minor officers, habitable to look at, and even comfortable, but of the same eternal gray with the soil out of which they were constructed, and with the sign of no green thing—not a little grass, or a

shrub—to relieve the gaze. At the head of camp, just above the Tenth, ran a transverse street, with buildings occupied by the department commander, with his personal and general staff. At the rear and parallel to the first-named ran a second street, with tenements peopled by officers of the higher grades and staff of regiments. Then, quarters for bands, stores of sutlers, and behind the whole, huts of wagon masters, and other camp-followers. Great ranges of cedar wood also piled up for fuel, and finally, away down at the right, and rear, acres on acres of wagons, clustered in masses, and with their tongues in air like bristling, mighty lances of the olden times.<sup>85</sup>

The kitchen of my quarters being walled up, with a fireplace, I assume possession, casting above for roofing—the fly of my wall tent. And it is surprising, with content, how comfortable one can be thus made. The men camp for the night, in their Sibleys, and upon the Company parade. Dudley actually invites me to dinner!

October 26, 1858

With the details of men from other companies, are furnished also trowels, and other tools, and we are fast getting up the last remainder of our walls, and with boards, battening, doors, windows, and the rest at hand, will soon have up our roofs, and shingle down with the prescribed “three inches” of mud or—“mortar.” For my own quarters, I am to have the interior filled in full four inches above the outside level, with an Egyptian-like compound of mud mixed with straw—this elevation to constitute my flooring proper. Above this my wagon cover, costing only five dollars, from Russell, Waddell & Co.,<sup>86</sup> will form as neat and tasteful a carpet as may be had in these parts. A wash of the very nice white clay found hereabouts, tinted with some of the quartermaster’s Spanish brown—which he wouldn’t sell, but allowed me to steal—is expected to give brilliancy to the finish of my walls. A mantle

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<sup>85</sup>According to the manuscript journal of Samuel H. Auerbach, early provision merchant who supplied the army at Camp Floyd, the post, when completed, numbered about 250 buildings and huts. Probably no single writer gives so detailed a picture of the camp as Captain Tracy. Today, even the foundations of Camp Floyd are difficult to trace, having been buried in the shifting sands.

<sup>86</sup>The freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, prominent in early Western expansion, maintained a large establishment at Camp Floyd, supplying army needs. Livestock pasturage was secured in nearby valleys for replacements along the overland freight route. The company continued to supply the army with much of its merchandise and supplies from eastern sources.

piece, by McCarthy, of Company H, is to be marbled by myself, in imitation of the finest Italian product. And thus it is we sum up, in their perfection, the quarters to be, and now progressing well to the finish.

Colonel Smith, now commanding the regiment, calls upon me in my kitchen quarters, and we have an agreeable interview. Only, the Colonel does object, and I am obliged to agree with him—to my dog “Shakes” coming in, and jumping upon the camp-bed. It is one of the few bad habits of “Shakes,” learned in camp, and it is possible we may have to settle the point with him in a manner emphatic and severe. “Shakes,” to whom I have not before alluded, is in his puppyhood, and was presented to me by Lieutenant Bennett, at the “upper camp” of this valley. He is a full blood English Pointer, of a breed left at Laramie by Sir George Gore, in one of his hunting expeditions upon the plains.<sup>87</sup>

### October 31, 1858

A grand review by Colonel Morrison, commanding the Camp, of the 5th, 7th and 10th regiments, together with the Dragoons and Artillery. And it is rare in our service, that so many regulars are brought upon the ground at once. The display, with every man in full uniform, was very fine.<sup>88</sup>

### November 9, 1858

In the presence of our whole force, under arms, and with the national salvo from Phelps' guns, the flag of our country is today raised at Camp Floyd. A whiskey ration is furthermore enjoyed by the men, and, at headquarters, punch and lunch by the officers.

### November 23

Nothing either quells or conciliates these Mormons, and it is plain that hostilities in whatever form they may dare or

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<sup>87</sup>Sir George Gore, famous Irish nobleman and sportsman, traveled and hunted the Rocky Mountains from 1854 to 1856, spending large sums of money and leaving a trail of souvenirs and memories among the mountain men. With a retinue of 40 servants, assistants, and scientific associates, he required an outfit of 6 wagons, 20 carts, 12 yoke of oxen, 112 horses and 14 dogs. He spent the first winter at Ft. Laramie, and the second on the Tongue River, Montana. Late in 1856 he descended the Missouri to St. Louis. Cf. J. Cecil Alter, *James Bridger* (Salt Lake City, 1925), pp. 264 ff.

<sup>88</sup>It is probable that at no time from the conclusion of the War with Mexico to the outbreak of the Civil War was so large a segment of the U. S. Army gathered in any place within the national boundaries.

prefer to urge them, are to continue against the government, and any and all of its representatives in Salt Lake Valley. We learn today of the shooting at Salt Lake City of Doctor Covey—attached to the 7th. The Doctor is hit in the arm, not dangerously, I believe. Lieutenant Sanders, of the Dragoons, was, upon some other pretext, stoned in the streets, and finally knocked down with a bludgeon.<sup>80</sup> Hence it is inferred that troops may be sent to the City, and a good deal of feeling is abroad in camp. An expedition, in which the 10th are to have part, is looked upon by some as certain.

### December 25—Christmas, 1858

Of course the expedition we were to have had to the Mormon Capital "petered out," like many of our better resolutions, and Covey and Sanders having got safely back to camp, the subject has died until some newer insult or outrage shall rouse our bootless wrath again. I have a capital dinner for the men today, with fowls, and a pie each. Stadtmiller gives me a roasted chicken, with fair surroundings, and I cannot say I am unhappy—though the presence of my wife and little one could hardly fail to add to my cheer this night.

### 1859

January the first. And egg-nogg, and a general interchange of calls, prevail. Visit the Dragoon camp, and note a genuine pow-wow, Indian style, around a huge pan of egg-nogg compounded by Doctor Norris. Visit also Major Eastman and others—not forgetting Captain Little of the 7th Infantry, whom I find very genial.

### February 28

A grand review today upon the ground outside of Camp, and across the stream flowing from the spring. Colonel Smith was the reviewing officer, and had it been anyone else, the threatening of the clouds above one of the peaks at the north and west, and particularly one great white cloud that leaned like a monster above the peak by the prison outpost—would have deterred him from his purpose, and induced a more quiet

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<sup>80</sup>Dr. E. N. Covey, assistant army surgeon, Charles A. Kincaid, a Gentile merchant of Salt Lake City, W. H. H. Fall, John Mendenhall, and Lt. Sanders, were collectively charged with disturbing the peace and resisting and assaulting the local police. Cf. *Deseret News*, Dec. 1, 1858.



form of proceeding, by muster and inspection in quarters. But Smith was obdurate, and resolved that the pageant should proceed. Accordingly, with the signal, we form by battalions, or batteries, the camp throughout, march over the bridge past the settlement, so-called, of Frog,<sup>90</sup> and by due form of movement, assume our appropriate places in line. A very considerable time elapsed, before all could be gotten into position, for the formation extended nearly the eighth of a mile, and sage never yields, upon mere occasions of military display. Meantime, as we stood in the Infantry, with ranks opened, and at an order, the blast, which was the precursor of the storm to come, swept down so bitterly upon us from the direction of the great white cloud that it was with difficulty the most resolute could refrain from turning in his place, to avoid its cutting cold. Some suffered slight freezing at the ear-tips, or extremity of nose, and many were so chilled as for the time almost to lose the use of hands and arms. And still remained fixed in purpose, and obdurate as ever—Smith. By the time, however, he had gotten into place, with his staff, as reviewing officer, the great cloud launched itself over the peak towards us, and the snow was seen advancing in a thick white wall. Wheeling, then, with the moment, into column, for the "march past," we caught the whole; and word of command, sound of bugle, or bray of band were, with the uproar of the storm soon muffled well nigh from hearing. Time or turn, as well, in our forward course about the space allotted, were among the myths, and only the habit of the men kept them in line or step. Guidons, or even the line of the companies at front, were scarcely discernible, except at their shoulders, or tops of kepis or pompons, and we only guessed at the points of wheeling, following as we might in the track of our

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<sup>90</sup>Frog, Frogtown, or Dobietown (now Fairfield), a community of camp followers which grew up near the military post of Camp Floyd, comprised some 100 dwellings of sorts. It is described by young Richard Thomas Ackley, a native of Camden, New Jersey, who came West in 1858 and was in charge of the Camp Floyd store as sutler for Miller, Russell and Co., a subsidiary of Russell, Majors and Waddell, as follows:

"It was quite a place, in its way, built on two streets, principally occupied by drinking and gambling saloons and stores, some of them kept in very good style. The drinking saloons all had gambling going on in abundance. Besides these there were ten-pin alleys, billiard saloons, and a very good theatre which was well attended, and occasionally a circus." Cf. R. T. Ackley, "Across the Plains in 1858," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. IX (July, October, 1941), p. 223. The only mention Tracy makes of Ackley is on April 9, 1860, at Fort Bridger, a very short time after Ackley's journal, as published, came to its conclusion.

predecessors—for the guidons were alike invisible. Coming round at the point of the reviewing officer—we distinguished through the cloud, dim objects, gray and ghost-like, believed to be Smith and his staff, and at these we saluted, agreeable to the regulation, with our sabres—doing the best we might. The squall lessened somewhat by the time we got again into line, but our appearance at large was quaint to see, snow at all points; while in the instruments of the bands, the horns and ophicleides at their broader ends looking like ice cream heap [*sic*] up in a narrow glass. Upon our epaulettes the snow was piled in like manner, and as to our hats—felt, with broad or looped up brims, and plumes of ostrich—they were simply a mess, and shocking to behold. It may be said to have been rather a crest-fallen appearing body of men, that moved afterwards, by their respective arms into camp, to file finally away for dismissal, upon their company grounds. Smith himself is said to have at last relented, and the distribution by his order of one gill per man, perhaps did much to salve over the wounded dignity and morale of the morning. In the 5th Infantry, the loss and demoralization in brand new hats and plumes, is said to be something fearful. In our own regiment it was not light. There is no other man in the army who could have done all this with impunity. Yet knowing the brave record, and the generally just character of Smith—it is likely he will be forgiven even the vagary of this review in a February snow-storm.

### March 4, 1859

Received today two cheerful letters from Sarah, and read them over and again. A big rainfall, with the water rushing past in the ditch or channel in front of my tent, induces me to try a submerged wheel I have been tinkering at. Clinton said some time since it would never go, but seeing it whirl today, demanded to know why we wanted a wheel to go under water, when we had one that would go above the water—which struck me as but an indifferent argument to sustain his first position. Yet Clinton seemed thoroughly satisfied with the idea! Visit "Dobeytown," or "Frog," with Cunningham, and see the operation of the "Tiger."<sup>81</sup> Jimmy Hill loses all his month's pay, and borrows of me two eagles, which are seized

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<sup>81</sup>"Tiger" was a variant of Faro, popular at the time. The Eagles were ten dollar gold pieces. A number of the coins have been turned up by the plow on the site of Dobietown.

upon by the "Tiger," with the next turn of the card. Jimmy departs a poorer, if not a wiser Lieutenant.

March 6, 1859

Write Sarah and Mr. Tracy. Also Sister Maria. The weather today is exceedingly mild and pleasant. Leaves me this morning, one Joyce. This agreeable imposter, came to camp some time since, representing himself at headquarters as a correspondent of the New York Herald. His reception by Johnson gave him a kind of position, and we have all of us up to within a short time treated Joyce with hospitality. To myself he appeared to take with cordiality, and has entertained me by the hour reading aloud—excellently well—from Ainsworth's<sup>92</sup> novels—particularly that describing the great "pie corner" of London—together with the plague preceding it. But letters having been received from Hudson of the Herald, denying Joyce as correspondent, we have been obliged to relinquish him to the mercies of the Mormons. He had staid with me two or three weeks, but on my showing him the letter, the man had never a word to say. His imposture was unnecessary as regards the Herald, for he really was correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, and might have been well received on that ground. But good-bye, Joyce.

March 18

It is one among the extraordinary things that take place, that having written with much care, and finished last evening a letter to my old time earnest and most kindly friend Isaac W. Tabor, of Houlton—he who aided me so essentially in procuring my first commission, during the Mexican war—I uttered to myself on finally sealing the missive for the mail, "What if I have been writing to a dead man?" I however, repaired to the Sutler's, and deposited the letter in the mail. This very evening it left, but before I opened the paper which had come to me, and which informed of Tabor's death! So that I have not even been able to recover the manuscript of *sixty pages*, I had taken so much pains to write. Thus they fall, and more and more we find ourselves alone. But who shall account for the mysterious influences inducing the above thought in my mind—a very unusual one with me—or the utterance to myself which followed it?

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<sup>92</sup>Harrison Ainsworth was a mid-century English novelist who specialized in historical romances.

March 19, 1859

Judge Cradlebaugh, of the United States District Court, who—with at least his “single eye” to justice and right—would seem to be the only authority with resolution and firmness to take up properly the matter of these murders and outrages—has recently opened court in Provo City.<sup>93</sup> That justice, as well may be had, and the laws be vindicated, he has caused to be brought promptly forward for trial numerous cases which heretofore have existed in the public mind upon the tenure only of the most infamous and unworthy scandals upon the government. Among the rest, we have the case of the massacre of Mountain Meadows, in '57, of more than a hundred people—men, women, and children, pertaining to an emigrant train originally from Arkansas. It was in Arkansas, two or three years since and in a county from which, many of the above people came, that one, Pratt, was seized and lynched by the inhabitants, for his labors in proselyting and carrying off another man's wife.<sup>94</sup> Upon learning the result to his friend and ally, it is told that Young vowed vengeance. With the incoming, then, of the train of the emigrants in question, the Mormons were instigated to worry and harass them into quarrels and difficulties, until at last on their reaching the point called Mountain Meadows—being upon the western rim of the grand basin of Salt Lake Valley, towards California—the hostilities of their persecutors reached a point of open warfare by Mormons in the guise of Indians who, with a few exceptions for show, were painted and costumed for the purpose. Finding, however, the Arkansas emigrants too plucky and persistent for them, one, Lee, sent a deputation—divested, of course, of their Indian gear—to treat with the emigrants at the “corral” they had formed with their wagons. The Mormons said they were sorry difficulties had occurred, and as between the emigrants and the Indians, they would procure peace, upon the contingency of certain supplies of powder, blankets, etc., to the latter. These terms being acceded to,

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<sup>93</sup>Cradlebaugh had lost an eye. The 2nd District Court of Utah Territory, presided over by Cradlebaugh, opened in Provo on March 8, 1859. When those accused of participation in the Mountain Meadows Massacre were taken from Camp Floyd to Provo, the Judge applied for a detachment of troops to guard the courthouse, alleging that the city jail was inadequate. Johnston complied, but Governor Cumming, responding to the protest of the major and council of Provo, demanded that the soldiers be removed. The case is reviewed in Creer, *Utah and the Nation*, pp. 218-223, from a viewpoint which would exonerate the leading L.D.S. authorities.

<sup>94</sup>Parley Parker Pratt, killed in Van Buren Co., Ark., May 13, 1857.



the go-between retired professedly to consult with the Aborigines over the hill—soon returning however, with the statement that all was agreed to, only that the Indians would not come into the corral to receive the gifts, fearing the rifles of the people therein. The people therein were therefore to lay aside all arms, and receive the Indians and turn over the powder and goods, after which they should suffer no further inconvenience or molestation. Procuring thus an entrance into the corral, among the emigrants disarmed, they fell to work, and slew to the right and left. Save and except one single man who hid himself, wounded, and ultimately escaped together with some four or five infants "who could not talk"—not one of all of that melancholy band was left alive—men, women and children—they perished alike. This "Mountain Meadow Massacre," in short, for unmitigated treachery and bloody atrocity surpasses all of the description ever enacted upon our soil. Heading it was this rascal Lee, associated with others drawn in regular form of detail from villages throughout the valley, to the number of sixty or eighty. And Lee, it is, with several of his confreres in this awful crime, whom Judge Cradlebaugh has gotten fast, and whom he proposes to bring to account before the law.<sup>95</sup> In addition, there is the Parrish and other minor murder cases, of which the Judge proposes to make a clean docket. Beyond a doubt the Mormons at large are intimidated with the courage and decision of the Judge, though they threaten much, vexing and insulting the court, with its officials, and finally stoning the sentinels of (Heth's)<sup>96</sup> Company of the 10th which has been sent down to Provo on requisition of Cradlebaugh, and which has charge of the prisoners to be tried.

This morning, then, comes out an order for an additional force to proceed as far as Battle Creek, with a view to be in position to protect in case of further needs—the Court of Cradlebaugh. Three Companies from the 10th making with Heth's a total of four; four companies of the 7th; a section of

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<sup>95</sup>Tracy, here and in the following pages where reference is made to John D. Lee, was the victim of a strange error. Lee, at this time was hiding in the rugged mountains of Southern Utah, as may be learned from the fragment of his journal for 1859, published in Charles Kelly, ed., *The Journals of John D. Lee* (Salt Lake City, 1938), pp. 203-227. Tracy seems to have confused him with a certain John Daly or Dailey, who, together with Alexander F. McDonald, Hamilton H. Kerns, (Cairnes), Alfred Nethercott, Abram Durfey, and Joseph Bartholomew, was arrested for complicity in the Parrish murders.

<sup>96</sup>Lt. Henry Heth, a Virginian, commissioned July 1, 1847. He later served with gallantry as an artillery commander in Lee's Army of Virginia.

Phelp's battery, and a squadron of the 2nd Dragoons—the whole to rest under command of Major Paul of the 7th. My own Company, H, is of the detail from the 10th, and as senior Captain, I go in command, until the junction with Heth, ranking me by a single file. We are therefore busy and absorbed in preparations for the movement proposed.

### March 21, 1859

It is not until the morning of this date that, after a full review by the Department commander, along the transverse space at the head of camp, forming the parade ground of the 10th, our improvised column gets in motion. We are off, however, in fair season—as early as eight, reaching and going into camp at Lehi; just outside the wall, at two in the afternoon, or a little later. "Shakes," my English Pointer, distinguishes himself by a fight with a Mormon dog, in among the heels of a crowd of mules—which said dog, "Shakes," nevertheless, whips. As an aggravation, the Eastern mail passes our camp, but we can get no letters until the bags shall have been opened at headquarters, and the matter sent back to us.

### March 22

In view of an absence of forage and other stores at Battle Creek, it is determined to push farther onward, to the vicinity of Provo itself. We are upon the road by seven in the morning, and achieving the half of "Provo bench," beyond American Fork, strike diagonally to the left, above gravel and athwart the sage in the direction of the mouth of Timpanogos Canyon, to rear of Provo City. In the meantime the air had become uncommonly chilly, and a stiff breeze traversed the level upon which we found ourselves, hurling into our faces and eyes the fine sharp particles of the surface, and rendering the march one of the most irksome and wearing. By the time also we had reached the ground proposed for camp, immediately by Timpanogos river, and opposite the mouth of the Canyon, a fierce and bitter squall of snow struck down upon us, enveloping the tail of the column till it could hardly be seen. The coming up of the wagons also being now much delayed, we were well-nigh literally frozen before we could get up tents, or start in our sheet iron stoves, fire to cheer our blood withal. A gallon of good whiskey at my tent became very popular, for the time, and, after a jorum to Corporal Davis and the "Captain's detail," who put up my tent blue in the face—I dispensed the liquor to all comers. If any one took so much as to be

soon after overcome by the warmth of the tent it was Shunk, of the Ordnance, who accompanies the command as a volunteer. But a more disordered and disconsolate looking camp than ours for the time being, by the mouth of Timpanogos Canyon, and in the snow-storm—so long as it lasted—I have rarely seen, in the course of my experience. We learn at camp that the Mormons have consented, for the present—and probably in view of the force hereat—to be somewhat more civil; but that Governor Cumming has written a furious letter to General Johnston, for sending hitherward troops—stating that he—Cumming—had made no requisition upon the United States for such, and that without his requisition, their presence was illegal, and an intimidation to the people.<sup>97</sup>

### March 23, 1859

The weather having cleared up, we shift tents today, and get more correctly into form, as a regular encampment—our designation being announced in orders, as “Camp Timpanogos.” My battalion of the 10th occupies the center, the people of the 7th being upon my right, and the Artillery and Dragoons at left towards the Canyon. Timpanogos River sweeps past us, at the rear and left—an active, splendid stream, and said to abound in trout. The atmosphere, however, although clearer, does not lack for chilliness, while, on occasions, the wind draws down from the canyon above in half a hurricane.<sup>98</sup>

### March 24

Target practice this morning, albeit the high wind favors but little the flight of the balls. From Lieutenant Brooks, of the 7th I receive the present of a very fine trout, which I devour from under the hands of Mr. Stadtmiller, with a very decided relish. At night some of us assemble in Little's tent, in the 7th where a boy of about eighteen entertains us with

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<sup>97</sup>Cumming's public proclamation was dated March 27, 1859. By that time there were 900 soldiers in and around Provo to guard half-a-dozen prisoners. Johnston reluctantly acceded and recalled the troops. Cf. Nels Anderson, *Deseret Saints* (Chicago, 1942), pp. 198-200.

The conflict of authority between General Johnston and Governor Cumming is covered by the leading state historians. Tracy adds little that is new, but reflects from the soldier's viewpoint the seriousness of the rupture.

<sup>98</sup>Capt. Tracy has just complaint about the canyon winds. They are, now as then, a striking phenomenon. Rushing out of the deep funnel-like canyons, they sweep the immediate bench lands with such violence that farmers never build homesteads or plant orchards in their direct path, but leave these areas for pasturage and non-cultivable crops, from which surface soils will not be blown away.

some singing of a very rare character. Unquestionably the boy is a genius, and furnishes another instance of the self-development of great powers—irrespective of locality or surrounding influences. Only a stable-boy, with his rough hands and yet singing with the strength and appreciation of a studied master. His expression of Sarah's favorite, "Annie Laurie," was very beautiful. Also "Shells of Ocean."

At practice with shells this morning by the howitzers attached to the command, one of the missles [*sic*] exploded just at the muzzle of the piece. A number of us, including Dr. Moore, were standing within a few feet at the time, to watch the effect of the firing, and the ring and vibration of the metal with the explosion, was something to nearly deafen us. The piece, however, stood the shock with no damage whatever.

### March 25, 1859

Under orders from headquarters of this expedition, I detail this afternoon, Forney's Company to report to Captain Little of the 7th who, with his own Company, and some Dragoons, is detailed for some expedition, of which we do not yet get the whole clue. The whole are to be ready for a movement at an hour's notice. Our surmise is that Little with his command, will act as *posse comitatus*, to the U. S. Marshal, Dodson, to arrest Johnson, Bishop of Springville—now known to have been party not only to the Parrish murders but to the massacre at Mountain Meadows. It was at Johnson's house, indeed, that a formal meeting of the Mormons was held, and a detail made, for at least the affair at the Meadows. In the meantime, nearly all the Bishops of these towns have fled apart, fearful lest they be arrested, and held to account for the deviltries in which they have participated. Dudley, who amidst these wars and rumors of wars, is now in his glory, rides out from Provo, this morning, and from the back of his mule, proclaims wonderful things that are cock sure to happen, in all directions. Among the rest he tells us of the arrest of a couple more of the scamps connected with the Parrish murders.

### March 26

Owing to the boisterous character of the winds sweeping down upon us from the canyon of Timpanogos, immediately in our rear, Major Paul very properly orders a change of camp today, to a less bleak and uncomfortable locality. And we are now upon a branch of the Timpanogos River, and at







SKETCH OF UTAH LAKE FROM CAMP FLOYD, JULY 31, 1858

a pleasant point, some two miles nearer Provo City. Hence to the south and westward the view is worthy a sketch—giving at the left, my old friend Spanish Fork Canyon, with Springville and the eastern arm of Lake Utah at the right, and what the Mormons call “Mount Nebo” in the distance.

### March 27, 1859

A snow-storm today, covering the ground to the extent of four inches—inducing us to thank our lucky stars, we brought down stoves—whereby to toast our soger shins withal.

### March 28

Heth comes out from Provo, with the information that a couple of Mormons recently arrested, to-wit, Durfee and Cairns—are to give evidence in the trial in progress, in behalf of the United States. It is, however, looked upon as a scheme to create some sort of a scape-goat, and throw guilt or responsibility upon special parties—obnoxious, possibly, to the Mormons themselves.

Last night another fierce storm of sleet and wind, and at reveille, the cold was absolutely piercing.

### March 30

By the mail I received today, Sarah's Christmas gift, “The Courtship of Miles Standish.” But no letter.

### March 31

With our companies by platoon, in single rank, we drill today at Evolutions of the Line. During the firings, which were with ball-cartridge, my dog “Shakes,” not only runs the gauntlet without home, but actually bounces after the bullets as they skip about him, striking up the ground. We never expected to see “Shakes” come alive out of it, but he wagged his tail in a quiet way, as I came back and entered my tent—as though to say it was a matter of very little concern to a dog of his game qualities. Ice last night full half an inch in thickness. Snow also, today.

### April 2, 1859

Drill again at Evolutions of the Line—getting on, I think, as well as the 7th to say the least. The weather today proves somewhat pleasanter, so that drilling over a broad space, is less irksome, or fatiguing—than amid sleet and cold.

I neglected to say in its place, that the expedition indicated for the arrest of Bishop Johnson, at Springville, took place on the night of the 25th and 26th. The command designated for the purpose started out at about two o'clock a.m.,—the infantry under instructions to break step, upon the road, that their tramp might not be detected and the Dragoons to lash down their scabbards, that there might be no jingling thereof to alarm the enemy. Reaching Springville, the troops surrounded completely Johnson's house—(the same at which Thompson and myself had called)—but upon gaining entrance found the bird had flown. It is said, indeed, that he has for several days been hidden in a cave in the mountains—the exact locality of which resort is known only to himself and a few like him. Some of the officers having penetrated to Johnson's harem of nine wives, are reported to have been fiercely scolded by one or two of the women from a bed in the corner, and called unmentionable names. These officers, however, mainly dragoons, answered by a pow-wow and war-dance, after the fashion of the plains, about a vessel found standing in the center of the room, departing at last, with the odds rather in their favor. But no Johnson came out of it all—it being probable that, with the ceaseless vigilance exercised, not only Johnson himself, but the Mormons about, were fully apprised in advance of everything that transpired, or was expected to transpire—barring, perhaps, the war dance.

#### April 3, 1859

Inspection and drill in the morning. During my temporary absence at Paul's tent, my own took fire, and within a short space, the roof together with portions of the sides at the top, was wholly burnt out—leaving the ridge-pole a blackened and desolate sign of the wrath of the fiery element. It was the sheet iron stove, with its pipe through an insufficient collar in the canvas, that wrought it all. Little harm was suffered by the contents, which were promptly removed by the men. Another tent also sets me up again in life. Sketch of camp at evening. Read in Sarah's book of "Miles Standish," close buttoned in my overcoat and wrapped in my robe of buffalo.

#### April 4

Whatever the just merits of the case, from either legal or moral points of view, it has been conceded by Colonel Johnson at Camp Floyd that he will withdraw his troops from



Provo. This, leaving the court of Judge Cradlebaugh with no element of protection, necessitates the speedy closing up of the cases in which he was making so noble a progress, together with the retirement of himself, and his marshals and assistants to safer quarters.<sup>99</sup>

Under order, therefore, [illegible] we are to retrace our march—taking with us, however, as perhaps some form of consolation, Lee [Dailey] and certain other of the prisoners recently before the Court. By 7 a.m. of this date, we break camp by the Timpanogos, and, after a stretch of about four miles, reach and enter Provo City. Taking seven columns of platoons, we pass down the principal street, halting at length, opposite to the Court buildings, and receiving, under strong guard, our charge. Heth, with his Company, here joining also, I am relieved in command of the battalion of the Tenth by my senior Captain. With the signal, our whole force moved outward, in regular order of infantry, artillery and dragoons—halting but once in the grand stretch across the bench, on our route towards camp. Passing American Fork the drums and fifes of the old-fashioned 7th struck up, and guidons were loosed to the breeze. The inhabitants, if not to admire or applaud, had at least turned out by the highways to greet us, and had their own way of expressing their sense of our presence. There were cat-calls, groans and whistles, and one ambitious party went so far as to manoeuvre at our flanks after the fashion of artillery, with a long beer cask mounted on a pair of cart wheels. The train—a couple of Mormon boys, kicked, and pranced and whinnied, and came into battery in a style quite ferocious, whilst following upon every imaginary discharge; an old splint broom was thrust into the beer-barrel by an assistant and the piece sponged. My sense of humor was decidedly struck with this latter performance, and there were numbers upon whom it did not appear wholly lost. Of our convoy of prisoners, one, McDonald,<sup>100</sup> stood not less than six

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<sup>99</sup>The grand jury impanelled to indict the prisoners delayed action until Cradlebaugh, enraged, dismissed it. Bereft of his military guard, the judge felt powerless to proceed, and shortly thereafter declared the court adjourned. His Parthian shot to the jury was: "You are the tools, the dupes, the instruments of a tyrannical Church despotism. The heads of your church order and direct you. You are taught to obey their orders and commit these horrid murders. Deprived of your liberty, you have lost your manhood, and become the willing instruments of bad men."

<sup>100</sup>Alexander F. McDonald, 3rd mayor of Springville, was born in Scotland, Sept. 11, 1825. He came as a Mormon convert to Salt Lake in 1854, and was sent to Springville in December of that year. He was prominent in local civic and religious life, and remained in Springville until 1884, when he removed to the Mexican colony of the L.D.S. Church.

feet three, and towered above the guard like a giant. He is one of the "Destroyers," and said to have been chief among the murderers, in the Parrish affair. Was once, also Mayor of Springville. He strode with an air of martyr-like defiance, and seemed to be high in favor with the lookers on. The remaining prisoners were downcast, or, perhaps, dogged of manner, and seemed less confident. Upwards of a thousand men, we passed along—going into camp, at about three p.m. by Lehi. With the gravel of the bench, cutting through the soles of even government shoes, my feet were in a perfect condition of blister; and it is only a thorough bathing of these extremities with cold water, and the after application up and down the soles of simple cerate, that renders life tolerable, or walking at all practicable—after getting into tents.

### April 5, 1859

The weather proved today remarkably fine, and although the march was rough above the hills we reached the westward crest thereof by about eleven a.m. Halting here, for the final stretch across the sage, we were treated to a case of mirage so rare, that the camp in distance appeared absolutely as if standing in a lake, or inland sea—a species of adobie Venice—with every building, and, dimly, even, the flag-staff and flag—reflected in the surface. I have seen the mirage upon the plain beyond Pirate castle, with the appearance of water so striking, and the inner edge thereof so clear and well-defined that the men, marching across, begged to be allowed to quit ranks to fill their canteens. But even this display seemed inferior to what we beheld this day from the edge of the hills descending to Cedar Valley.

By way of diversion, "Shakes" pursues a hare, or "jackass rabbit," started up by the column, in its course along the bottom—exciting general interest in the result, as he went bounding magnificently over the brush. But the rabbit escaped the dog—although after a rather dubious struggle in his own, and on behalf of the excellent stew he must have carried upon his bones.

By two p.m., or thereabouts, we entered in state, and by column of platoons, our camp. Extraordinary numbers of men and officers were out to witness our coming—lining the street, from the bridge of "Frog," or "Dobeytown," to the head of camp, by the quarters of the General. Among the men, the excitement surpassed anything I had observed before, and it is by no means improbable, that, without the strict discipline

in which they were held, they would have seized, and lynched the Mormon prisoners upon the spot. They went far enough with their shouts and cries, as it was. Halting, after a "march past," in front of Johnson's place, we were soon after relieved from further duty with the expedition, and filed off by companies to our respective regiments—the prisoners, in the meantime, going over to the charge of the general guard.

To Judge Cradlebaugh, who came up with us, was accorded at evening the compliment of innumerable calls of gratulation, by officers from all sides, together with serenades by the bands of the 7th and 10th regiments. Ended thus the expedition to Provo.<sup>101</sup>

#### April 19, 1859

Died yesterday, Captain Page, Quartermaster, and today a funeral embracing nearly the whole camp, attends his remains to the cemetery, walled in at rear of us. April 21st, write Sarah, and send pay account for February.

#### April 23

Being our marriage anniversary, I set forth some cake and wine. Doctor Moore, Dudley, Murray, Bennett, Kelly and others, partake, and wish us cheer and an early greeting. To the Company laundresses also, my wife sends down her annual treat. Brown lost in a dust storm, going to Radford's.

#### April 24

Funeral of Lieutenant Potts, a promising young officer of the 7th. The wind blows a gale, the dust flies, and a sense of general gloom seems to pervade camp. Even a funeral, would seem to fail in its depressing effects, before one of these spirit-killing storms of the desert.

#### May 12, 1859

Write Sarah, and send a pair of antelope gloves, embroidered by a Mormon woman, exceedingly clever in the art. We have today, in the "Valley Tan" newspaper,

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<sup>101</sup>Cradlebaugh, frustrated in Provo, and subsequently reproved by Attorney General Jeremiah S. Black for having exceeded his authority in becoming a public accuser, shortly left for Nevada where he was chosen first Congressional delegate after the organization of the Territory in 1860. His manuscript memoirs are deposited in the Bancroft Library, University of California.

Governor Cumming's valiant proclamation, requiring the dispersion to their homes of certain armed bodies of Mormons.<sup>108</sup> Something like a thousand in number of these people are known to be organized and under arms for a purpose not explained. Faggots have also been piled at points upon the mountains, and men appointed to set them ablaze as signals. It is impossible for ourselves to divine the reason of all this, unless it be to rouse the country in case the troops move to the arrest of Young—as has been mooted. However, it is hoped things may now subside to their accustomed more quiescent status. Particularly with the weather so fine, and the grass—where there is any—growing so greenly.

May 23, 1859

Write Mr. Tracy. Dust and wind today, beyond all precedent. Every one within doors, and shut close. "*Johnsoons*,"<sup>109</sup> we call these dust-storms now — in honor of the founder of the camp hereat. May 25. To Sarah letter and pay account for March.

June 4, 1859

Two years it is today since Sarah left Fort Snelling. Two years! Occupied of late with the study of small arms—and how to devise the best form of breech-loader.

June 12

Another "*Johnsoon*" in the air, and existence is almost unendurable with the dust and stifling. There is no nook or cranny but the dust will reach it, and nothing you can touch, but you soil it with the crushing of the particles. Drilling yesterday at Evolutions of the Line, we were actually driven in the clouds that accumulated—covering and disguising us completely. Even the camp-followers grinned to see us return by column into camp, knowing scarcely the one from the other of us—17th and again Evolutions of the Line, under Smith, who gets us all wrong, sits down, studies up the movement,

<sup>108</sup>Whitney, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 717, related that rumor of Johnston's intention to arrest Brigham Young caused 5,000 Mormons to fly to arms. Cumming, completely estranged from Johnston, informed Daniel H. Wells, head of the Nauvoo Legion, of the bruited assault, and directed him to stand in readiness. It is highly improbable, of course, that Johnston ever contemplated such a move.

<sup>109</sup>Tracy, as is evident, was no great admirer of Albert Sidney Johnston. More than a trace of sarcasm may be detected here.



brings us again into position, and concludes his effort successfully. That's Smith—and he is not easy to surpass.

June 27, 1859

Dust and heat again, to a degree almost intolerable. Letters today from Sarah to May 30, and all well. Commanded this evening, as indeed for several evenings of late, the parade of the regiment. It requires full voice to be heard from right to left—the line is so extended. Stadtmiller, dropping into some irregularities with my commissary accounts, such as procuring treble allowance of supplies for sale to third parties, has been returned to his company, and Walters reigns in his stead. I felt myself so far responsible for the bad conduct of Stadtmiller, as that I ought not to have placed in him too implicit a trust where things of value were concerned. Hence, I must pay the bills, and leave the soldier to go, to some extent free.

June 30

Grand review of the whole command, upon the ground across the run—myself in command of the Tenth. After review, inspection of my own Company—arms, clothing, quarters, etc. After inspection, Captain Tracy is to go on as Field Officer of the Day. After grand guard—mount and report to headquarters, I visit not only every guard, but every sentinel of every guard—questioning him as to his duty and orders upon the particular post occupied by him. After midnight I repeat my visit to the guards—one of which is full two miles out from camp—in charge of prisoners quarrying stone by the hills. And this is not an unfair sample of the manner in which an officer is sometimes called upon—and not unfrequently at that—to pass both his days and nights at Camp Floyd—a camp embracing now something like three thousand five hundred aggregate, exclusive of camp-followers.

Apropos, as well, of the provost guard, as we call it, by the hills. Northwesterly and between camp and the point where the guard is stationed lies the usual stretch of sage, over uneven ground, for the distance of the two miles stated—full measure. Over this ground, and ranging from the slaughter-pens, eastward, and below the camp of the Dragoons—the wolves are wont at night to traverse in packs, yelling, as usual, as if the devils of the pit had broken loose for a holiday. These animals appeared particularly on the alert tonight, and, with my orderly—both of us on foot—I

had proceeded perhaps nearly half way, on my visit to the guard, when at the front and somewhat to right, there arose the long-drawn deep howl, that indicated the calling of a single wolf upon his companions. Presently from the neighborhood of the lower camp, there came the answer, then another, deeper and wilder of note, and finally the chorus of a troop under full head, in one direction. I did not linger for the advance, and if I did not run, I imitated the Kentuckian in some very rapid walking. Nearer and nearer the pack came on, till I almost fancied I could hear the sagebrush crash beneath them. They were, however, yet at a goodly distance, when the clearer lights from the bivouac fire of the guard, indicated its safer proximity. But Clinton, who was in charge, and who saw myself and orderly suddenly emerge from the dark, after the challenge of the sentinel, stared till his great blue eyes seemed half fixed in their sockets. He was full of wonderment, and insisted on my taking for at least a portion of the way back, an escort. The wolves had now gotten past upon their direction away up the valley to the west, yelling and screaming in their savage concert, and passing of course, the path by which I had come outward across the sage. In view of their possible return, however, at the wrong moment, I was fain to accept the offer of Clinton, to retain the men at least till within fair hail of camp. Like a great black mass, our adobies lay at the center of the valley, with here and there a twinkling light, and seemed in their solitude almost solemn; but although myself and escort caught occasionally the noise of the wolves as they wrangled or charged in the distance, nothing further came of the adventure. Dismissing then, early, the men, I found at last my quarters—weary enough to sleep at once, but denied for the present that luxury. My orderly, whom I relieved till daylight, told in his quarters, in the 5th that "there wasn't an officer in this camp could beat Captain Tracy walking."

July 4, 1859

We have today a grand review of all the troops by the General in Command, also salutes by the Battery Phelps. During proceedings a tremendous pillar of dust passed over camp, and as the 5th Infantry moved forward, struck and completely enveloped it. Upon the reviewing officer, the dust descended in a mantle, both with the cloud, and during our march past. It were hard to say whether the snow squall of Smith's review in February, or the review in the dust of today were the worse. Neither, certainly, proved in the least agree-

able to any; and the pity perhaps is, at the outset, that the Prophet was ever permitted to designate—as he practically did—our locality for camp. This soil is what is termed by Johnson, in his reports—"exceedingly pulverulent."

### July 7, 1859

The prisoners, John D. Lee [Dailey], McDonald, Cairns, and others, brought up from Provo, under charges for the murders at Mountain Meadows, Springville, and elsewhere, were, for reasons by no means explained to us but under orders from the proper civil authority, this day set free. A party of Dragoons escorted them a mile or so out from camp, and then and there took off their irons, and left them to go upon their ways! As an excuse at camp headquarters, it is understood that General Johnson refuses any longer to retain the prisoners, owing to the absence of any proper legal form, or warrant to that end.<sup>104</sup> Today, for a wonder in this dry camp, quite a pleasant cooling shower of rain.

### July 9

Some counterfeit Quartermaster's checks having been of late detected about camp, a watch was set, and the engraver of the counterfeits tracked to the Tithing Office beneath the roof of no less a personage than Young himself, at Salt Lake City. Through the efforts of the Marshal of the Territory, the Artist, much to his consternation, has also been arrested, and the plates of the counterfeit secured. The joke is, that Young has sued the Marshal for the value of the plates!<sup>105</sup>

### July 12

Two years ago died Brother Charles, at Buffalo. The year following upon the 16th of July, died our dear Mother—to whom we might all have been better children. All of us.

### July 19

Upon Court Martial for the past week. Write Sarah, to go by Davidson tomorrow. Also Mr. Tracy.

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<sup>104</sup>After Cradlebaugh's departure, it is probable that Johnston felt no longer justified in detaining the suspects.

<sup>105</sup>The counterfeiting incident is described by Whitney, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 716. Apparently the perpetrators, certain parties from Camp Floyd, seeking to escape the charge, endeavored to implicate Brigham Young because the plates were taken from the *Deseret News* office.

August 8, 1859

Resigns my Second Lieutenant Thompson and is to accompany to the States Captain Simpson, of the Engineers.<sup>106</sup> The party leave tomorrow. Thompson's resignation is a mystery to me—no papers from him, either, have ever passed for approval or disapproval at my hands.

August 11

A letter from Sarah—who thinks me now upon the way home—poor girl. But we will hope for leave bye and bye. Have been at work all day, arranging and filing accumulated letters and papers. Drills have not been had for some time past.

August 12

At sundown of this date, an express rider arrives in camp, but two hours and a half from Salt Lake City, with intelligence of the shooting of Sergeant Pike, of Gove's Company of the Tenth. During the spring it became necessary to establish at a point about ten miles hence, in a neighboring Valley, a guard, for the purpose of protecting from thieves, a herd of cattle and mules, belonging to the government. A certain Mormon, becoming, from some cause, obnoxious upon the reserve marked out for the animals, was ordered to leave. Paying no heed to the order, a portion of the guard in the valley was sent to eject the Mormon, the party being under charge of Sergeant Pike. With the appearance of the Sergeant and his men upon what he called—and may have mistakenly believed to be—his premises, the Mormon assailed the whole with a pitchfork. Pike, reversing suddenly his rifle, levelled the fellow with a blow across the head. The blow proved nearly fatal, as it chanced, but by the skill of Doctor Moore, the Mormon's life was saved. No sooner off his bed, however, than the Mormon repaired to Salt Lake City, and through the ever favorable jury of his friends, procured the indictment of Sergeant Pike, for assault with intent to kill. To meet the charge, Pike was recently sent, with his proper witnesses, and accompanied by Major Porter, Assistant Adjutant General, to Salt Lake City. Some preliminaries having now been gone through with and the Sergeant

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<sup>106</sup>Lt. Thompson's resignation was dated Aug. 7, 1859. The fact that he made application for release from the army may indicate that relations between himself and Capt. Tracy were not entirely cordial.



returned—from the court room to his quarters—Spencer—for that was the Mormon's name—closed in with a party of his friends, well armed, and, upon the open street, and in broad daylight, deliberately shot Pike through, and through the body with the bullets of his revolver. Turning then and closed in upon by the mob to prevent pursuit, Spencer hastened to a lumber yard nearby, where stood a horse ready saddled, and, mounting this, he put spurs, and fled up the Valley.<sup>107</sup> And it is the news of all this that the messenger named in the foregoing, brings to camp. That there is excitement abroad upon the subject, would be no name for the feeling. The command, officers and men, seem to be simply exasperated, and were it not for discipline itself, much more might be said or done by the former. To that pitch, indeed, have things gone, that extra details of guard have been ordered, to prevent the men from leaving in squads at night, to wreak their vengeance upon whatsoever in the form of Mormon, or the property of such, may come in their path. The officers, moreover, are cautioned to more than ordinary vigilance, to see that no breach of order take place. An army surgeon started for the city to attend upon Pike, but was halted until an escort could join him, it being the fact that armed bodies of the Mormons stand prepared to dispute the passage of any minor party or individual not desirable to them to have enter the city.

### August 17, 1859

In the interim between the 12th and this date, a party from Gove's Company—to which Pike belonged—got outside the guards, and nearly razed the Mormon town some four miles hence, above, and in the direction of the original camp of the Valley. Hence, a guard of our Company has been added for duty to protect the remainder of said town. All is one, however, as to that, in the present status of things, for Pike has died, and having been brought out to Camp, his remains were interred today. The concourse composed of both men and officers from Johnson down—was so extended as to reach from camp a quarter of a mile out to the cemetery, and, forming about the grave, occupied the whole interior, so as to present a square parallel with the walls at all sides. The whole ceremony has been very impressive, and the feeling

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<sup>107</sup>The shooting of Sgt. Ralph Pike by Howard Spencer is detailed in Whitney, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 722-723, who adds that Spencer was deranged at the time of the assault, and was acquitted when tried some years later.

left upon the minds of all has struck deep. It will be twelve years the 13th of next month, since Sergeant Pike of C Company, of the old 9th and brother of the man we this day bury, was struck by the fragment of a shell on the Belen Garita Road, at the final storming of the City of Mexico—and so torn and mangled, that he died within a brief time. Thus have perished the two brothers—natural soldiers, and brave men. Can it be possible that all is to end here? Write Mr. Tracy, to mail tomorrow.

August 31, 1859

Grand review and muster. Murray left on the 18th for the States, with Simpson's party. Write Sarah to mail tomorrow.

September 2, 1859

Returning from my visit as Field Officer of the Day to the prison guard two miles out at the hills, I discern in the distance the cloud of dust that tells the expected train of recruits and fragments of commands under Colonel Chapman<sup>108</sup> of the 5th. "Uncle Billy" it is indeed, my whilom friend of Tacubaya, in the Valley of Mexico, all those years agone! Slowly the winding files of men traverse the rough paths of the sage, and slowly wind behind them their dusty dots of wagons. But they get in at last, teams, recruits, and all, including the bronzed and service-worn old Colonel—who led his regiment so gallantly at Molino, after both his seniors in command had been killed. And the Colonel is not ill pleased to greet me, for I repair at once to the precincts of the 5th upon the entry of the command to Camp. More than sixteen hundred miles these people have traveled, since leaving Leavenworth! And now, too, that Chapman and his men have arrived, the newer question takes the tapis—as to who is to go upon leave. Of course my application is in—though I am constrained to be far from hopeful of results.

September 4

The "leaves" are out, and if not as numerous as the "leaves of Vallombrosa," a sufficient proportion is yet had to the number of our applicants from camp. I am not to go, and I must write it to Sarah, whose heart, I know, will be sad with the intelligence.

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<sup>108</sup>Col. William Chapman was born in Maryland, and commissioned July 1, 1831. He was brevetted Colonel in August, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Bull Run. He died December 17, 1887.

September 8, 1859

The train composed of officers upon leave, together with a body of men about to be discharged, left this morning. It was not a cheering sight to note their departure, and feel how remote the time might yet be before I should perhaps get leave for myself. Captain Phelps, of the artillery, not having had a leave of absence for, I think, eleven years, and asking the same at the hands of Johnson, was refused. The reason is, Phelps is not a favorite. Whereupon, the Captain sends promptly in his resignation, for his business at home is imperative. Nearly every officer of the camp paid a call of respect to Phelps, upon learning he was about to leave us, and I was with him myself until late last night. We have been very good friends, and the Captain says I am the only man he knows of here, "whose thoughts are not confined to the camp." It was sad indeed to see an officer of the Captain's record, forced from the service upon so trivial a cause. But he quits us today, with the rest; and, by this, is, doubtless, wending his way at a goodly distance from the camp, whose dust he has shaken forever from his shoes.<sup>109</sup>

September 14

Finish and dispatch to Mr. Tracy a letter relative to the injustice I feel I have suffered in the recognition of the claims of others above my own in the matter of leave of absence. Letter also to Sarah.

September 16

A trunk of Sarah's containing her silver and various articles of value to herself especially, is today turned over by me for transportation, by Russell's in-going trains to Leavenworth—thence to be forwarded to Portland. The reason being, that I do not go myself to look better after this article of luggage. Send with the trunk my sketch-book, with notations of the points of view given. Oldham's is the "outfit," and I doubt not the trunk will be securely cared for.<sup>110</sup>

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<sup>109</sup>The diary and letterbook of John Wolcott Phelps are deposited in manuscript in the New York City Public Library. Through the interest of the late Herbert S. Auerbach, photostatic copies of both have been procured by the Utah State Historical Society. The diary covers the period from Sept. 30, 1857, to Oct. 24, 1859; the letterbook from July 11, 1857, to May 10, 1859.

<sup>110</sup>Billy Oldham was a well known stage driver for the Overland Stage Company.

September 23, 1859

Major Hunt, deciding that service need not be continuous, to entitle to "fogie," or extra rations, makes me a back allowance of \$110, from September 28, '58 to September 30, '59. And \$50 I send for Sarah's gift at Christmas. Paid also Sutler Perry's bill to date. So that we do have occasionally a streak of better fortune. Sarah with fifty dollars, and the Sutler defied!

September 25

In emulation of the 5th Infantry, who have a Theatre, with very good acting, too, the 7th establish the "Germania"—devoted chiefly to lighter farce and opera. Johnson, Smith, Morrison and Howe are present tonight. Also Mrs. Howe, who came up with other ladies, and the seventy-five laundresses of the 5th and 7th in Chapman's train.<sup>111</sup>

September 29

Call at the guard-house to counsel with Stensberg, my Bugler, who has stabbed Private Taylor with a knife. Something (of course) about a woman. Louis is not naturally a bad boy, and I trust matters may not turn out too desperately in his case. But he had as well be punished—beyond a doubt.

October 5, 1859

To Sarah a letter, as also the key to trunk forwarded by Russell's train.

October 19

Another detachment under Major Lynde of the 7th arrives on yesterday from Bear River.

October 26

Taking from the office this evening a letter, I knew, perfectly, before I opened it, that it bore me bad news. And as I undid the envelope a piece of newspaper rolled to the ground, containing the notice of *Mr. Tracy's death*. I cannot

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<sup>111</sup>Nels Anderson, in *Desert Saints*, p. 210, states that before the abandonment of Camp Floyd there was intercourse between the military dramatic groups and similar organizations among the Mormons in Salt Lake City. The laundresses were chiefly the wives of the enlisted men.



say why I was not surprised, but sad I was, indeed, as I had good cause to be. From my earliest childhood, from the time I could walk, or run, or visit Mr. Tracy in his office—from that time up to the present, and through all the changes and vicissitudes of my life, he has been a constant and kindly friend. When I have been sick, and without means, they came unasked from him. When I have needed employment to live, both himself and his wife—scarcely less a friend—have aided me with their effort to obtain it. When I desired position in the service, Mr. Tracy was one of the first to aid me, and with all the influence of his extended political relation, and former distinguished career. Neither did he at any time cease to do and labor in my behalf, until success was achieved, or everything done that could be done. And he never chided me as others did, but his influence to control me, was beyond that of any other. Soon after reaching my majority I adopted his name by dropping from my family name the "Haddock." For "Albert Tracy Haddock"—"Albert Tracy," and it is among the pleasing recollections of my life, that, after my service in the Valley of Mexico, Mr. Tracy seemed fully to acknowledge me as a fit associate—not to say almost member of the family. This appears in his letter to me, stationed at the time at Pachuca, in the mountains north of the city of Mexico. And that letter, I prize above any I have. To whom now am I to look for the aid, and above all the sympathy in all my thoughts and objects, always existing for me with Albert H. Tracy—dead. May he sleep the sleep of the just and kindly, and may my children after me reverence ever his memory.

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Captain Heth comes into my quarters today, and we make up some old differences. I am glad of it, and that it should happen upon a day like this. The mail arrives, but with no letter for myself, save the one from Joseph Judson—my sister's son—telling me of the death of Mr. Tracy, and enclosing the slip.

November 2, 1859

To Sarah, enclosing pay account for Nov. Send also Dorshierner's most beautiful eulogy upon Mr. Tracy, delivered before the Bar Association, at Buffalo. Write Mrs. Albert H. Tracy.

November 6, 1859

Heth comes in for my opinion upon the question of whether Smith, the officer ordering a Court Martial, can dictate a sentence, or refuse to confirm, after return, of proceedings with disapproval, and re-iteration of sentence by the Court. I do not see that, although he may point out an error or discrepancy, he can form or dictate a sentence. But Smith and Heth are in a terrible war upon the subject, and we stand aghast to note results.

November 12

Rain today, ending with the first snow. Am engaged copying in oils a photograph of Sarah, taken at St. Paul. Also in the same picture, a copy of the photograph of little Parris, sent by Sarah.

November 22

Note in Appleton's Magazine, a diagram of a "perpetual-motion" in principle exactly similar with one suggested to myself. There are ten-thousand objections to "perpetual-motions," by themselves, but some mechanical principle may be evolved in pursuing the study of such, which principle would have a practical value. I merely note at present, that I have several times run upon the ideas of others, or they upon mine—in these investigations. So, of course, my motion goes for nothing—as original, over all others.<sup>112</sup> Snow last night; six inches deep.

November 26

Finish today, in all except possibly a few touches for expression—Sarah's and Parris' portrait, from the photographs. The melting of the snow above the mud of our roofs, causes a dripping down of the compound within our quarters, far from agreeable. In the rain-storm of the other day, I went into Clinton's quarters, and found him upon his camp-bed protecting himself from the drip, by an rubber tent spread. All over my tables, chairs, desks, papers, etc., I suffer from a descent of mud from overhead, as copious as that from which Clinton buried himself away. It is a nice commentary upon

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<sup>112</sup>Tracy, both in the portion of the diary published herewith, and in the unpublished pages dealing with his Civil War career, reveals himself as a man of some ingenuity. He perfected, in 1861, a type of folding table and chair for camp use, and later corresponded with General B. F. Butler on the subject of aerial observation of enemy positions.

the wisdom of the quartermasters in directing the shingling down of our roofs, with that "three inches of mud." We hear by mail of today of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry headed by John Brown, but there being no full accounts, we exist in a fever of doubt for results.

November 30, 1859

Write Sarah, and send Christmas drawings.

December 7, 1859

Write Sarah, at Washington. At a ball given by the 5th tonight, there are but nine ladies for scores upon scores of officers. But the males "polk" and waltz together, "making believe" one is a lady, though in rather dull way. Play at Euchre having for my partner General Johnson, while Maj. Hunt and some one else upon the opposite side, bet cigars, with Johnson, and beat him terribly.

December 10

Died, last night, Private Thomas O'Connor of my Company, his death being caused by a bit of stick which he had been chewing, and swallowed. The stick lodging in its passage through the bowels, brought on fits, and terrible sufferings, in the midst of which the poor fellow died. He was a man I enlisted myself at Pontiac, Michigan, and one of the very best in my Company. Today we bury O'Connor, the Captain reading service.

December 14

Big mail today from the East, and three letters from Sarah. Also an ambrotype of little Parris, which is simply exquisite.

Christmas, 1859

Walters gives me roast rabbit, and a pie of peaches. Draw somewhat at breech-loading guns. In the evening visit the 5th, and after tattoo, the Germania. It is surprising what talent and strong individuality be buried in among the rank and file of the men about us. Here were men at this little entertainment, worthy a place on any boards. Some of the pantomime

was seemingly perfect, both as to the rendering by the actors, and the music. But a dream of the past, and of the hearts that were, closes in more sadly my night of Christmas, and over all rises to mind the utterance, that "Except ye be as little children, ye shall not see the kingdom of Heaven."

### 1860

January 1st. Make many calls, hither and thither, during the day, and at night go to the 5th Infantry Theatre, after which stop at Captain Little's, in the 7th and between us we brew a nogg, and drink it. The weather has been cool and crisp today, and the camp appears generally to have enjoyed itself.

### January 3

Write Sarah, and send Crossman's check for the sum of \$96.27. Also my pay account for January—less item for Com'd'g. Company.

### January 25

Write Sarah, to go by Miller's Express.<sup>118</sup> We have had somewhat of an interior regimental scuffle in the 10th, Heth taking it for granted his friend Sharpe would be elected. Gove going for Harper, present Smith's Clerk, and myself the second member of regimental Council, voting steadily for Miller. So that an adjournment took place, and the Council reported no election. Under a new order, it is expected the question will be finally disposed of tomorrow.

### February 22, 1860

A grand review and salute of the flag. At night comes in the mail, bringing from Sarah letters, one of which enclosed a note from Judge Clifford, of the U. S. Supreme bench—whom I met originally at Worth's table, in Tacubaya, Mexico—a note encouraging us to expect we will have at last the leave of absence, to which we feel justly entitled.

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<sup>118</sup>A. B. Miller was prominent in the field management of Russell, Majors and Waddell, and may have shared ownership of the firm. He was credited with much of the planning for the Pony Express, having made several trips over the entire Overland Route in various capacities before it was inaugurated in 1860.



## February 23, 1860

Comes a request for me to call at the quarters of the General Commanding. Learn from Fitz John Porter<sup>14</sup> that the Secretary of War has written that, so soon as my services can be spared, he desires that leave be granted me. And so we are to have hereafter a better showing. It is to Sarah, and her earnest and judicious effort at Washington, in vindication of my fair right, by usage of service—that I am indebted almost wholly for this favorable result. Now for home—and wife and child! Yet stay, the snow is not yet off the mountains, and we must bide yet a little in patience for the better time to come.

## February 24

Colonel Smith says to me this evening, that the order has been turned over to him to give me leave of absence, if he judge best so to do. Colonel Smith is no shuffler, and he tells me in his straightforward manner, that he shall "put no obstacles" in my way. And it is settled between us that I am to go in April—or earlier if prefer so to do. I receive many congratulations on my success, and from some whom I hardly thought had any interest in myself or my objects. Game of Euchre at evening, at Hayman's, with Little and Hunt to fill up the board.

## March 1, 1860

General Johnson, who has been relieved in command of this department, and ordered to California, quits us today. In compliment to his departure, the troops were turned out, formed in line, and the salute of a Brigadier given by one of the batteries. Riding up to Colonel Morrison, who succeeds him, Johnson essayed from his horse, some remarks, which being near by—I was glad to hear concluded—for our late commander was evidently in a state of growing intoxication. Morrison uttered some ejaculation in reply, and the senior, having wheeled his animal, raised his cap, and proceeded in the direction of his escort—the bands playing "Come out of the Wilderness." Within a few moments, as well, the rising of the inevitable pillar of dust, showed Johnson was on his

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<sup>14</sup>Fitz John Porter, who had won his spurs in the War with Mexico, was later a divisional commander in the Union Army under McClellan, and saw action at Cold Harbor and Antietam. For his alleged dereliction of duty before Lee's invasion of Maryland, he was court-martialed. His trial, after the close of the war, suggests the investigations of the Pearl Harbor tragedy.

way, toward the slopes of the Pacific. Of Johnson, it would seem that we can say, as of Alexander, that he has missed a great opportunity.<sup>115</sup> March 3rd—Sketch camp, from Co. H targets. Deshler comes out—

### March 6, 1860

Busy clearing up and filing papers. Put into packages letters, official and private, numbering and designating as follows:

- No. 1—Letters political, and from political people.
- No. 2—Family Letters—gossipy, literary, and also from army officers.
- No. 3—Letters from officers of the old 9th Infantry.
- No. 4—Letters of Mr. Tracy.
- No. 5—Appeals—(official) Brevet matters, etc.
- No. 6—Recruiting vouchers—1847 to '55.
- No. 7—Quarter Master, returns for 4 qr. '59 and 1st qr. '60.

### March 14

I act as Counsel in defence of Private Walters today, wrongfully, and villainously charged by Grover,<sup>116</sup> with "dis-respect" etc., and I believe I have got him off.  
[Two pages illegible.]

### March 18

The proceedings in the case of Walters are published, with orders thereon. The Court finds Walters technically guilty, but Captain Heth, commanding the battalion of the 10th hereat, refuses to approve the finding, sets aside the sentence of a week's confinement of Walters, and blows up the Court hugely. So, thank fortune, I have vindicated my own views, and saved a perfectly innocent man from punishment — Mr. Grover to the contrary notwithstanding. And, by the way, I had appealed to Grover, in advance, not to push the charges. Command, and march in review the battalion this morning.

<sup>115</sup>Tracy's account of Johnston's leave-taking may be colored by his cool regard for his commanding officer. Johnston's reputation, certainly, was not that of a drinking man. He reported to Fort Alcatraz, San Francisco, and when Texas, his adopted State, seceded (April, 1861), he promptly resigned his commission, traveled overland by the southern route to New Orleans, entrained for Richmond, and was appointed to the command of the Western Department of the Confederate Army by President Davis.

<sup>116</sup>Capt. Cuvier Grover, a native of Maine, commissioned September 1, 1850. At the close of the Civil War he received a Major General's brevet for his meritorious field service. He died in 1885.



Camp Floyd from N. Co. Target  
Sunday March 3<sup>d</sup> 1880

Camp Floyd, Utah,  
March 3<sup>d</sup> 1880.

CAMP FLOYD, UTAH, MARCH 3, 1860





**March 20, 1860**

Colonel Canby arrives this afternoon from Bridger—having been seven days upon the route. He has suffered somewhat from cold in the mountains; and also from snow-blindness. Canby, at once assumes command of the regiment. Smith being assigned upon his brevet-rank in charge of the department, Colonel Morrison drops to the command of the camp.

**March 23**

Reciting in Tactics, and drilling at battalion under Canby. But he can never compare with Smith. The road over the mountains stated to be still decidedly rough and bad.

**March 26**

The regimental Council meet again today, and my candidate, Miller, is elected. I am becoming impatient to get away upon my leave of absence, but the canyons are said to be yet blocked with snow, and the trip is held inadvisable for at least a week or ten days, when the sun may have done service in my behalf, by more emphatic thawings. Write Sarah, and send check for \$50, from Maj. Hunt.

**March 31**

Relieved today from duty with the regiment, to avail myself of leave of absence for six months. Turn over to my 1st Lieutenant Deshler,<sup>117</sup> Company property and stores. Have, moreover a tooth pulled, go to the play at night, at 5th Infantry Theatre, and drink an eggnogg with Little of the 7th. Came off this morning, from tour as Field Officer of the Day.

**April 2, 1860**

Captains Little and Hayman of the 7th and Lieut. Deshler of the 10th and a Mr. Litchfield, who gives me a note to the Secretary of War—have been in this evening. Also Dr. Moore, who has just left. Colonel Morrison, in the meantime, has sent his compliments, with the "bologna sausages," for lunch upon the way. For I am to start tomorrow upon my journey in the mountains, to the eastward and to wife and home! My

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<sup>117</sup> Lt. James Deshler, a native of Alabama, commissioned Sept. 17, 1858. Joined the Confederacy in 1861.

canvas bag, with its contents—sole allowance of baggage for the way—stands solitary in the center of my dis-garnished quarters, and generally the appearance is lonely. Hark, too, to the trot of the government mule, bearing about upon his rounds for the night the Field Officer of the Day. To bed, then, and await at dawn the coach to bear me on towards Salt Lake City—first stage of the lengthened route to be traversed.

April 3, 1860

The coach in which I quit Camp Floyd this morning at about eight, although intended originally for but four inside, is found to easily accommodate seven—one portion of the passengers—all males—alternating in the laps of the other portion. Each, however, being in the mood to accommodate his neighbor, we get along with a very good grace, taking dinner at a kind of half-way house across the Jordan—and relishing the same, with the appetite of the wayfarer. Towards evening we reach Salt Lake City, where I am well received by Mr. Sherwood—one of the Clerks in Miller's place, and provided at his boarding house, with supper, and at the store, with a bed. Sherwood, it appears is from Buffalo, and has a sister and other relatives thereat.

April 4

Halt over for today at the City, to await an expected mail. Visit Governor Cumming at his residence, and introduced to Mrs. Cumming, who is a Massachusetts woman, a little wooden in appearance, but nevertheless fond of conversation, and very intelligent. She has come to like the Mormons, and told me of a tea-party to which she was invited at Brigham Young's house—with the original, or Number One, Mrs. Young, at the head of the table, and the intermediates, or Brevet Mistress Youngs, gracing in rows the table at either side, up and down. But it was only Mrs. Young Number One that indulged much in conversation—all the remaining numbers resting quiet to nibble their toast. And yet Mrs. Cumming had no word of disapproval or condemnation for all this! We know, now, perhaps, why Cumming, the Governor, has, during our presence in the Valley been always found upon the side of the Mormons, and acting in their behalf. Well up towards the head of the city, and in a pleasant locality, stood the boarding house at which Mr. Sherwood, my

polite entertainer, took his meals, and upon invitation by himself I accompanied him thither for my own—during my brief stay within the confines of the Capital of the prophet. Eleven only, was the figure disported before the world as compassing the present allotment of wives of the proprietor of the above boarding place—one Thurston, from the States, East. As in the case of the numerous Mistress Youngs—brevets, as it were—it was the original Mrs. T. only who held general governance, and in the presence of strangers at least, did the talking. For myself, I saw but this original, and Sherwood informed me that it was upon rare or exceptional occasions only, that the mass of the Mistresses Thurston were so much as visible. They had each their separate room, generally above-stairs, and when not required to perform their portion of the daily round of duties about the house, as it might be so many servants, remained in that room. All were, however, disciplined to industry—some weaving, some spinning, some sewing, and the like—but never idle. Upon the street these extra wives were rarely seen. “But,” said I to Sherwood, “suppose that woman-like, these poor devils—determined they *would* go upon the street, and see the sights, and hear the gossip and news?” “Well,” said he, “one of Thurston’s wives did rebel, and, putting on her best, had a good time up and down”—“And what then?” “Why Thurston, next day, took away every particle of clothing from her, except her chemise, and held her prisoner inside, until she was glad to promise better fashions. And that’s the way they keep up the discipline, and these women are slaves, body and soul, in every civilized sense of the time, and as fully as if within control of the Turk himself. Let these women run to anything worse than gossiping about on the street in the more harmless way, and their fate is certain. They will disappear, as we, who live here, have seen, and—at whatever locality it may be.” It really made one shudder to hear even for the hundredth time, these things, and it scarcely seemed to me that this was my own country—boasting its equitable and gentle laws—wherein they were told to me! I could not say that my opinion of the Mormons had improved with this nearer acquaintance with their headquarters. Yet the original Mrs. Thurston set before us a neat and most palatable meal, and presided at her table, as if within the bounds of the very New England she hailed from. Of the great *he* Thurston, I saw nothing whatever. It is said that bad women quail only in companionship with their own sex. Perhaps the rule may apply in a degree with

these Mormon devotees of the male persuasion, for they rarely exhibit themselves to the civilized or the stranger, of their own kind. At evening I have a pleasant little game at Euchre with Mr. Sherwood, and a couple of friends of his, invited in to join us. Write Sarah, to go by mail, in case of my stopping over at any point along the route. Called also today on Stambaugh, the Territorial Surveyor General—abiding in Salt Lake City.<sup>118</sup>

April 5, 1860

Wheels, above the drifts, and through the canyons, are as yet, an impracticability; and the method by which myself and two mail-boys are to surmount the ranges that lie between us and the east, is that of simple horse, or mule-back. It is long since I have ridden, and I cannot boast of skill as an equestrian, but in a case like this, an effort must be made—and who knows but we may come to stride our animal with the best? Fairly within my seat, then, upon the picked and gentle mule provided in my behalf by my kind host, Sherwood, I bid him an earnest good bye, and at an early hour set forward. The mail, proper, will not start before tomorrow, but to relieve me somewhat, and divide the fatigue of riding, I am to go in advance, as far as Parley's Park about twenty-five miles hence,<sup>119</sup> and at that point await the arrival of the regular mail-boys, Sharpe and Armstrong;—my present companion of the road being a thin, freckle-faced Mormon youth of about thirteen, who squints with his eyes when he speaks, and is very curious in his enquiries about soldiers. Our route to the Park lies through the Canyon named also after Parley, and having its mouth about five miles south of Emigration Canyon, by which the troops entered Salt Lake Valley two years ago. Climbing, with my mule, the side-hill to the eastward of the City, I descend to pluck a beautiful little violet, to carry home. This flower I place in my note book, and here, upon this page, it is.<sup>120</sup>

The picturesque and rugged wilderness of Parley's Park Canyon, would have delayed me for a stretch had I been in a way to indulge my fancies in the matter, but the necessity added to the desire of getting forward, left me with but the

<sup>118</sup>Col. S. C. Stambaugh, appointed in place of Surveyor General David H. Burr, preferred charges of misconduct against the latter, who had fled from Utah at the outbreak of the "Utah War." Cf. Neff, *op. cit.*, pp. 680-681.

<sup>119</sup>Parley's Park, from which Park City derives its name, was the upland meadow country at the head of Parley's canyon.

<sup>120</sup>The impression of the violet is clearly marked in the manuscript.



resource to gaze and gaze again at the butting cliffs and grim and shadowy angles that on occasions presented themselves—barring as it were, our very path. We continued, then, to climb upward, and onward, passing now at intervals, green clusters of aspens by the localities of little runs or springs. Towards the “summit” so-called we passed “Alexander’s,” and got a distant view of the road over Little Mountain, to the left. At this point we also reached snow, and saw in the rough road, a heavy sled, loaded with lumber, lodged securely, till at least three yoke of oxen should haul it forth. This, or an unloading, low down. Higher up, we came upon a spongy, springy tract of soil, that proclaimed, as my companion informed me, the entrance to the Park—a picturesque level or basin, towards the very east of the Wasatch range. Proceeding now some three or four miles, it seemed to present itself to the mind of my conductor, that inasmuch as he was himself perfectly familiar with all farther points and directions, no one else could possibly fail to be. Whereupon, after some discourse, and the pointing out on his part of this or that landmark, the little rascal put spurs to his mule, and left me staggering to left and right among the slush of the snow, and the bog of the springs about, to get on as I might. Turning soon, as well, a projecting point of hill the boy passed out from sight. “Snyders Mills”<sup>121</sup>—that was the point I was to reach for the night, and, said my late guide, “just you keep right on, over the bog, and as soon as you come out on t’other side, you’re in the Park, and you can’t help but go right, to the Mills beyond.” To say that I was provoked with all this, would be no word for it, but, plainly, there was nothing but to make the best of it, and lose no time in wrath or despairing. There was my mule, too; he had been often over the ground, no doubt, and left to himself would surely find the way to the crib for forage. Nor did I in any way afterwards meddle with, or seek to direct the animal, till after at least an hour of picking here and there, he entered the broader area of the Park, and lo, his long ears prick up, and his gait increases with the sight of the mills ahead there—brown amid the prevailing ashy tint of the thawing snow! Beyond the mills and above them were peaks of rocks and snow everlasting, with, lower down, a belt of gloomy, towering pines. It was full five o’clock in the afternoon when I dismounted, stiff and weary with the unwonted locomotion, and hungry as a shark.

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<sup>121</sup>Snyder’s Mill—now Snyderville—was a lumber mill operated by Samuel Snyder, who settled there in 1853.

A log hut was assigned to my occupation by the Mormon who met me on my coming up, and after a time, I was invited to repair to the house tenanted by his family for a very comfortable supper. One wife only of my host is present—the other two being in the city. A niece or sister, however, helps to fill the vacancy. By neither of these, though, was any word said save as needful to their duties about the table, and the man Mormon, remained present in the room during the time occupied by me in the meal. I strove to chat and be cheerful with all, but it was an attempt in vain. In the meantime brisk fires had been built for me in my tent, and on my return I found the same wholly welcome in the chilliness of the air of this higher region. During the evening, I had some conversation with an old lumberman from Michigan, who looked like the dug-up relic of a past period, and from him I learned of the real labor of getting down from the heights above, the timber for the mills at hand. He was rarely away from these pineries, sleeping and subsisting in his hut of bark among the snow, and only at intervals coming down, as now, for supplies. When I came to go to bed, upon very comfortable feathers in the corner, my antique lumbering friend, in company with the Mormon who had furnished the supper, and who appeared in control about—spread carefully down before my fire a buffalo robe, and spreading afterwards themselves upon this, passed thus with me the livelong night. They were guards, sentinels—according to the Mormon code, and no act or word of mine went probably unrecorded during their tour. Neither could any moment have been in which my whereabouts was unknown to the one or the other of these guardians, who now mingled or seemed to mingle, in concert their snores upon the floor of earth, with the buffalo-robe below me. But I slept well, notwithstanding, disturbed only by the little extra aching of bone, owing to the ride, or the onslaught across my face, towards morning of a goafer [*sic*—diffusing an odor partly of mustiness and partly of the animal—skunk. The passage, however, was but brief; and with the further consolation that no bugle of the camp would this morning summon me to reveille, I could turn over, and fill out the remnant of the nap.

April 6, 1860

There can be no doubt, as there need to be no denial, of the soreness prevading me *all over*, on waking up this morning in my hut, at the call to breakfast. A little resolute knocking

about, though, with a determination not to be sore, did wonders to restore my wonted status, and I relished the breakfast as fully as the supper. The same Mormon, and the same two women were present.

Strolling out by the mill—for I remain here today—I found my Mormon host—Snyder—filing at a circular saw of some antiquity, and endeavored to draw him into conversation by himself. He told me that the milling privilege here was good; that some of the trees cut upon the heights measured—as I could see for myself by the logs—three feet in diameter. A large proportion were full two feet. The pine growing at the sunnier side of the mountain was the best and toughest. Parleys Park afforded excellent soil—growing the best quality of oats and potatoes. It also yielded grass of a richness superior for cattle—many of which were fattened here for the market. Outside of statistical information of this sort, however, Snyder was less communicative, manifesting the same dogged dullness, I have noted in so many of these Mormons.

There is here a party of men from Camp, bound for the newly opened placers at Pike's Peak.<sup>129</sup> They have a single ambulance, and carry therein their stores and supplies, while they travel themselves on foot. Late in the afternoon, I welcome from Salt Lake City, Sharpe and Armstrong, with their train of pack-mules, bearing the mails. With the morning, mules, guides and all, we are to start forward again, upon our destination.

### April 7, 1860

I cannot say in justice that I was treated with inhospitality at the Mormon, Snyder's, but there was something in the atmosphere and morale of the place which made me glad to leave it. So that bestriding my mule at seven in the morning, with all else in readiness, I had no tears to shed at parting.<sup>130</sup> The snow lay several inches deep above the park, and being in a moist state packed into balls under the hoofs of our animals, and embarrassed our course. Descending after a time, however, into the less sunny depths of Three Mile Canyon,

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<sup>129</sup>"Pikes Peak" was the generic name given to the gold discoveries on Cherry Creek, now Denver, and had reference to these mines, discovered in 1859, as well as to the mountain of the name.

<sup>130</sup>Andrew Jenson, in his *Church Chronology*, p. 64, reports the following item: "May 8, 1860. Jesse W. Johnson was accidentally killed at Snyder's Mill in Parley's Park."



we found harder footing, and finally, with the lower altitude, parted altogether for the present, with the snow, striking at last the compact bottoms of Weber River. Making now best speed practicable along the level, and fording at length the stream from island to island, we are enabled to reach by about five in the evening, the station established at the mouth of Echo Canyon.<sup>124</sup> Thus it happens, that these stations have been recently arranged with reference to what is called the "Pony Express," a system of relays, by which a light letter mail is to be borne across the continent from California, in the space of a week or ten days.<sup>125</sup> Like the others, the station at the mouth of the great canyon, is rudely constructed, but comfortable, as things go among the mountains; while cozy in his stall, and abiding the expected "pony" from the west, stands a sleek, active looking Kentucky animal, only too eager to stretch his limbs above the hills farther on. The rider and groom whom we find within the station seems no less nervous and impatient to get in motion than the horse. It is indeed, the first attempt which is thus to be made across the country, and not a soul upon the line but deems his reputation and that of his employers—not to speak of the animals themselves—directly involved.

A sage-hen, which had been shot by Sharpe with his revolver, as we left the Park, being now plucked, and neatly fried with some bacon, we make, with economy, a very toothsome supper—the hen presenting the enigma of a bird which has taken its seasoning by way of the gizzard—inasmuch as the flavor of the sage upon which it had fed, was as perceptible through the flesh as though it had permeated in the ordinary way from the dressing.

As an item of news, we learn upon the statement of mail-boys recently passing in the direction of Camp Floyd, that an order is out for the general dispersion of the command at that point—the Tenth to go mainly in the direction of New Mexico.<sup>126</sup> I have not, then, availed myself of leave a moment too soon—for had I delayed, I might have still been held with the Company, under the convenient phrase that "the services of this officer cannot be spared." Miller, also, it seems,

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<sup>124</sup>Hanging Rock, later Bromley's Station.

<sup>125</sup>The first east-bound Pony Express reached Great Salt Lake City that evening, April 7. The first west-bound mail arrived at 6:25 p.m. on April 9.

<sup>126</sup>Col. Philip St. George Cooke was placed in command of Camp Floyd during the period of its dissolution, from May, 1860 to July, 1861. Reduced to a skeleton post, its name was changed to Fort Crittenden by the loyal Cooke, who disapproved of Secretary Floyd's politics.



learning of these things, turned back from his contemplated journey to St. Louis, for goods, for his new sutlership—the value thereof, with the scattering of the Companies, being of less account.

April 8, 1860

A light snow has fallen during the night, spreading white the bottom of the Canyon, as it crests also above the shafts and towers of basalt that rear their massive forms against the sky. I have for myself in exchange for the mule of yesterday, a steed so rickety that it is deemed better for me to start in advance for a half-hour that my pace may not delay the party at large. My path lay mainly along the creek of Echo Canyon, rolling almost black among the willows, and between its snowy banks. With the bracing air of the morning, too, and the bright sunlight my ride alone was far from unenjoyable. Shortly after leaving the station, a wolf placed himself for a moment in my track in advance, but moved slowly off towards the smoother slopes at the right, as I came nearer. I was indeed well absorbed contemplating the sublimity of the gorge at every side, and recognizing point upon point as true landmarks upon my way homeward, when shouts from the rear informed me that I had gotten too far ahead, and passed a side track necessary to be taken to surmount obstacles in the way. In short, I had made better headway than Sharpe anticipated, and they had been obliged to ride ahead at the expense of the time consumed on my return. But we get right within a comparatively brief space, and move onward upon the Canyon.

And now it was, that with the reflection of the sunrays from the right and left, that the eyes of all of us began to suffer. Even the Indians, and trappers, knowing well the effects of the light upon the snow at this season, when the sun has gained a greater altitude, avoid the canyons, fearing snow-blindness. And this it was that now threatened our party. In anticipation before leaving camp, and at Canby's suggestion, I had provided myself with goggles of green, and now put them on. I also divided with the boys an old green veil of Sarah's, left in the luggage. With these arrangements and appliances we suffered less, but were not wholly relieved until afternoon, when the shadows at our side, deepened with the indigo, as it were, of the sky above. Towards five o'clock the boys, to facilitate some changes they had to make, spurred on with the mules, to a station not far from Cache Cave, near

the head of the Canyon—leaving me to pick my way with more deliberate care. And I had become again absorbed with the scene about, when for the second time I was roused with a voice at rear. Not, however, this time as the voice of friend, but foe. "Eep! E-ee-yeep! Yeek!" rang out in a succession of fierce articulations, what seemed indeed, the yells of the Shoshone upon my track! It being known, too, that the Indians were becoming gradually hostile, with the growth of the grass, the idea impressed me with such force as to leave upon my mind little doubt that I was indeed followed by warriors—fierce and savage. I had, too, after somewhat of a race, selected my ground for a stand, and was about to throw myself upon the ground, behind the shelter of my pony, when my eye, for the first, caught fairly sight of my pursuer. It was Dave, the express boy, whom we had left at the mouth of the Canyon, and who, mounted upon his Kentucky racer now bounded from point to point along the path behind, swinging aloft his free arm, and yelling, as it were the veritable aboriginal himself! Nor had I been alone deceived. For my conductors in advance, catching also the yells, had, like the good boys they were, wheeled suddenly, and were now charging down from the opposite direction, to the rescue of the "Captain." Within a moment Kentucky came up, glorious with the free stretch afforded him, and sweeping past with no further recognition from his rider than the continued yells, was soon far up the canyon. Hurrying onward now ourselves, we soon greeted Dave at the station<sup>127</sup>—a mere structure of slabs, to keep the wolves off—where Kentucky was to rest over, and another horse be taken. Dave laughed at our fears, but soon shifting his saddle, mail and all attached in a pocket, was away upon his quest—with no abatement of being in voice. At a slower pace we followed, but now upon the divide between Echo and Yellow Creek, or the Needles, a storm of snow whirled suddenly up, and our way became almost perilous. So thickly came down the blinding drift, that the mules in advance, with the mail bags lashed to their sides became visible at best only a dim, gray, locomotive mass, while at times we lost sight of them altogether. To the instinct, however, of our riding animals we trusted, as we had need to do, and now with the thickening night found ourselves, upon the banks of Yellow Creek, rushing furiously past, and lifting both horse and mule well off his feet in the fording. At our left loomed now the great twin obelisks of the "Needles," and

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<sup>127</sup>Echo Canyon station.

passing these, we were relieved of the storm, and continued forward under the somewhat hazy starlight. Coming to some drifts upon the far side of the range, we could see, dimly, where the horse of the Express had leaped with his rider the most astonishing leaps sheer through the mass, upon his way forward. We deemed it safer, however, for all of us, and especially for our mules laden as they were, not to risk the passage direct of the drifts, and so made a detour. By nine o'clock, a dim light in advance, informed us of the proximity of Briggs', the station by Bear River, at which we were to pass the night. One would have supposed that, with the fatigues of the day, Mr. Sharpe would have been glad to jacket his supper, and go to rest. But while others of us lay upon the buffalo robes spread out before the fire of the cabin, this restive young gentleman amused himself with all sorts of worriment of Briggs—who, it appears, was sensitive—and among other things crammed into the cheek of Briggs' cat, a full-sized refuse quid of tobacco. Dave, with Kentucky, had gone past.

April 9, 1860

Bear River had not yet gotten so far up its back for the spring freshet, but we were enabled, after crossing by the bridge to main current, to make a tolerable passage of the sloughs beyond—many of which I seemed almost to recognize, as olden friends of the march out, and the fatigues of the trains that got so stalled. By one of these sloughs, nevertheless, my mule—which was this time of the largest size, made halt, and began fairly to hump himself, as who should say, "I will no farther go." And an ugly mule is an ugly thing at the best;—but fortunately for myself, and my efforts—with one spur—to get the animal along, the mules of the boys in advance, came, at a turning, full upon the view, and seeing this sight, and longing possibly for a better companionship, my mule unhumped his back, drew under him his four outspread hoofs, and lifting his ears, and snuffing afar his kin—set off at a handsome lope, and gave me no further trouble during the day. Mounting the heights beyond the farther bottom, we continue along the trail by which we came in '58, ascending by "Quaking asp" springs, and finally descending to the "Little Muddy," where we get some dinner. Throughout the day the effect of the snow upon our eyes had continued to be serious. I had torn my black silk neckerchief into strips, to shield my own and the vision of the boys, but at the Muddy.



Armstrong was so far blinded that we were compelled to leave him—shut up, as he was, and flat upon his back, in the darkest corner of the hut called a station. We were reinforced, however, by a flush-faced and sandy-haired young man—called Charley. Charley had ridden the Pony Express, going west, and the opportunity was a good one, to accompany ourselves backward to his station proper, beyond Green River. We also abandoned here at the Muddy our riding mules, and were henceforward to perform our journey on wheels. I was not reluctant to this; for there was neither bone of my body, nor muscle of my limbs that was not aching or sore with the over-exercise of mule—or horseback. In the open stage-body, then, as provided for our further progress and with mail bags duly bestowed at bottom of the vehicle, we quitted at about two p.m. the Little Muddy for Bridger. Beyond the long and stony hill a few miles out, we encountered serious drifts. Striving at first to pass them bodily, we got lodged, and it became necessary to get off the mules, and attach them to the axle at rear to haul us out. In the midst of the unharnessing, one of the mules, a vicious, treacherous rascal, got loose upon the road, and with his nose in air, and trace-chains jingling at his heels, set off at a round pace for the station at rear. Mounted upon his other mule as outrider, Sharpe gives chase; away over the hills went pursuer and pursued, but after an interval of somewhat anxious delay, the runaway was seen upon the return, with Sharpe's whip cracking anon above his flanks, like a pistol. Nor was it without very considerable effort, both of mule and man, that our vehicle was at last extricated from the mass in which it had become almost imbedded. This done, however, we once again set forward, turning, as usual the obstacle by a detour. Nearing Fort Bridger, we came upon the locality of certain deep gullies, well known to exist, but now hidden by the snow, which, in a crust, or circle, extended above them; while beneath we could plainly hear the rush of water, that ate and hollowed away the base. How thick were those snow bridges, and would they bear us to pass—for this once? One of the mules loosed and sent forward at a grim point, answered by feeling gently with his hoofs, but retreating back upon us. Lower down we found the bridge the animals were ready to pass, and soon we had gotten all of us, safely to the hither side—thankful, indeed—for it had been a dangerous venture to have fallen through. "Outpost Butte" is reached and soon after, by the same old bridge, we cross the Fork of Smith, and are within the quadrangle of





INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT FORT BRIDGER



huts or quarters of Cottonwood, that make the Bridger of the present. McNabb comes out to see me, his old Scotch face wreathed and wrinkled with smiles. While the mail is changing, I also see Mrs. Canby, who has not yet gone forward to Salt Lake Valley, to join the Colonel.<sup>128</sup> But we have still fourteen miles to make, and with the sun just sinking behind the hills and bluffs I knew so well, I settle myself at the front of the government wagon now provided, and put the fort behind me. I failed to reflect for sometime after we had left, that it was liquor which made Charley drive so furiously down the banks of the Fork. We were alone, too, for Sharpe remained at Bridger for the return bags—and I trust the bit of gold, coupled with an Army gray blanket, soothed his better sensibilities with my departure. Full ten o'clock at night it was, when after some pretty rough, and I might almost say, original, jolting on the part of Charlie, [*sic*] we reached "Millersville,"<sup>129</sup> consisting of two buildings, and a shed, for supper and repose. But the aching of the eyes consequent upon snow-blindness, prevented slumber on my part, weary as I was. Until grown desperate, I broke the half-inch ice of the pail in my room, and placed the fragments literally above my eye-balls as I lay upon my back. A quieter feeling now ensued, and soon I had forgotten the toils and griefs of this mortal sphere—roused at last only by the instreaming of the sunlight at morning. Mr. Ackley, the young gentleman in charge at the station at Millersville, was exceedingly kind and obliging to me, and I cannot cease to remember him with pleasure. To such an extent does real and natural politeness and geniality impress one.

#### April 10, 1860

By eight of the morning we are upon our way from Millersville. There are, at the beginning, but two of us—to wit, Charley and myself, to look after matters, and having attached to the big wagon, three pairs of mules, Charley could not disguise his anxiety at one or two crossings of the Fork (Smith's) lest the lead mules should double upon the rear

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<sup>128</sup>Col. Edward R. S. Canby, shortly after this, was appointed to command a detachment of the army marching overland through eastern Utah, southwestern Colorado, into New Mexico. A description of the route and the expedition is given in Daniel W. Jones, *Forty Years Among the Indians* (Salt Lake City, 1890), pp. 131-146.

<sup>129</sup>"Millersville Pony Express Station" was eight miles east of Fort Bridger on Smith's Fork, and was named for A. B. Miller, field superintendent of the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. It had a large stove and good accommodations.

ones, and get us into difficulty in the stream. The leaders, however, rats as they were, seemed content to do their duty in a straight line and we got forward at a fair rate. Passing over a portion of the ground where our cattle failed in such numbers, on the march up in '57, I noted at the right of the road, what appeared to be an ox lying down among the sage, and I said to Charley, "Why do they allow cattle to stray so far from the fort—they surely ought to know the Indians are becoming both thievish and hostile." "Why, Captain," returned Charley, "that ain't an ox—it's only the skin of an ox. There are plenty like that, up and down the Fork, along the track of the regulars—the 'bone yard,' as we call it. Jist you see, now." Saying which, Charley drew up for a moment, and I saw plainly what I would scarcely have believed—that the animal, having lain down, starved and weak, and having probably frozen as he lay, his skin, in the dryness of the atmosphere of the region, had hardened to his frame, preserving so good an outline as to deceive the eye at but a short distance. The ants, of course, had eaten out all beneath the skin, and the ravens long since picked out the eyes—but there lay, to appearance, the ox, his feet drawn up against his body, and his head—perfectly mounted with the horns—turned partially to one side, as if gazing at us, coming up the road. The creature was of a dark brindle—black and brown—and even in looking back upon it, when now Charley had whipped up once more his mules, I could hardly realize what I had seen for myself—that the semblance was not living, but only one of the many monuments of the imbecility, and misery, both to man and beast, of the expedition to Utah.

Halt was made for dinner at a tolerably neat hut of cottonwood, near the junction of Smith's and Ham's Forks, and at this point also we are joined by a tall, blue-eyed Mormon, in an outfit of buck-skin, with fringes at the arms and legs, who was to act as outrider. So that for the day at least, Charley was relieved of any fears of the doubling back of his leaders.

We reached by night-fall, Green River, and here drew up for change of teams at the identical adobie trading-house of Yates. Yates! He has neither been seen by any of us since the day we purchased his powder, nor is it probable he will be ever seen by any—in the flesh. The story of his horse ridden, and his overcoat worn by Bill Hickman—"Destroyer"—at Springville, as told me by the woman, shortly after he left our camp by Ham's Fork, affords, beyond doubt the key to his



fate. In some lone nook, of some lonelier canyon, his bones lie, as do those of many an other victim, calling for the vengeance which shall surely come.<sup>180</sup>

But the worst of Charley was yet to befall [*sic*]. For having gotten liquor at the station, he became wilder and more unmanageable than the wildest of his own mules. And with the coming on of the thicker darkness, as we wound our way along the hither bank of the River, going north, it seemed at times as though the fury of his driving must certainly end in disaster—a wrecking of the wagon, or a plunge down thirty feet of bank into the rushing water below. I tried to reason with him, and began to threaten him, when fortunately, lights at our right, and soon a hail from an island of the river, conveyed the welcome information that we had gained the Ferry for the mail. We were soon across, and could discern above us trees of magnificent growth of cottonwood. Within the interior of the Ferry house, too, we realized so good a supper, and a fire in all regards so comfortable, that I decided in my own mind, we would go no farther until morning. I called one of the men who seemed Chief at the place, and told him of the condition of Charley and suggested that when he came to catch up his fresh team of mules, for the start, farther on—he would not succeed. The man understood me, and so it chanced that night in the darkness which now seemed blackness—that no sooner would Charley, in his drunken efforts, get one mule fast and go for another than the first was certain by some means to work loose, and break for the timber in his absence. This round of accidents was suffered for some time by Charley, his patience and legs becoming exhausted, but his brain finding relief from the fumes which had distracted it. Until finally, brought pretty well into sobriety, Charley determined, for himself, he would stay till morning.

April 11, 1860

To any one bearing in mind the fact that, between the point of the Green River at which we last night halted, and the point at which it enters—under the appellation of the Rio

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<sup>180</sup>Tracy's reference to the fact that the army purchased ammunition from Richard Yates, who was a trader on the Green River and probably a deserter, lends weight to "Bill" Hickman's subsequent defense of his action on the ground that Yates was a spy. These are new items about Yates, of whose murder perhaps too much has been written on the slender basis of the known facts. Jones, however (*op. cit.*, pp. 130-131), gives a different version.

Colorado—the Gulf of California—there exist canyons anywhere from an hundred feet to a mile in depth, through which the stream must plunge, the realization comes back of the high altitude at which we are at present placed. Not less, I believe than six thousand feet above sea level. Yet ascending by the bench from the River—with our man Charley perfectly sobered, and a little bit sheepish this morning—and winding by the northern bank of the Big Sandy—itself scarcely seen for the great gullies it has cut in the soil—we mount yet higher, in the direction of Oregon Station, and Pacific Spring. At a couple of tents, set up as it were in the wilderness—(of sage)—we halt at noon, both for a change of animals and for dinner. The ground consituted at once our table and our seats, and viands were produced from a couple of fry-pans, consisting solely of bacon and flap-jacks, with the addition of a very fair cup—tin cup—of coffee from a tin pot, with the nozzle so jammed as to divert the fluid at one side. But the two men at the tents made us welcome, and appetite furnished a sauce for whatever seemed primitive in the fare. While we yet sat at our meal, a large gray wolf, displayed himself from the brush, at a distance less than pistol-shot. But there were, as yet, neither bones nor scraps for him. Shooting him, the men said, were a mere waste of powder.

By about nine at night, we drove up by the station, a comfortable hut, constructed of logs of pine, from away at the left, in the direction of the Mountains of Wind River.<sup>131</sup> It was now sufficiently plain why Charley became so anxious to get here last night. His wife—so he called her—was here. As to how so intelligent and really amiable a woman came to inhabit a spot like this: she was one of a band going forward with an emigrant train for Salt Lake. She had chosen, for reasons satisfactory to herself, to pair off at this point, and dwell with Charley—McCarty, as his full name now proved to be. She told me she was often left wholly by herself, for a considerable time at this station, but had learned the use of arms, and was not timid. In proof of expertness with the rifle, she showed me at a distance of about ten rods from the hut, the remains of an ancient horse—dry enough in this climate—by which carcass, steadying her weapon against the uprights of the door, she had shot several wolves—all alone! And Charley confirmed the tale. Femininity, however, is not to be suppressed, nor the longing on the part of the woman,

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<sup>131</sup>The Oregon Trail Crossing on the Sweetwater, is located 40 miles south of Lander, Wyoming.

to nourish, rear, and sustain some living thing. And so Mistress McCarty had consoled herself, in the utter absence of a better material, with the rearing and cultivation, within the wreck of an old bake-kettle, filled with earth, of a—what? Flower? Nothing so delectable. Seed establishments, and seed packages, or slips, are not available here just now. What then? An onion! Sprouting from its crimson wrapper, green as the greenest! And as to that, are we wholly satisfied our grandmothers may not have done, over and again just such a thing?

April 12, 1860

A change has come over both the spirit and form of our vehicle this morning, and for the strong government wagon, there appears before the door of the station, a cart improvised out of an axle and a pair of front wheels, from some emigrant wagon, with the body of the same raised full a half for a box, and, in the absence of the tongue proper, a pole of poplar, with the bark on, in its stead. Within the box, the bags of mail are piled, filling it to the top, like a measure of peanuts, and it is upon this pile of matter, I am to be transported if I can get holding room. But I complain not, only hoisting myself to the centre of the heap, and bidding Charley drive on. There are six mules attached, the middle pair with a long swingle-tree of oak between, and the forward ones wild as hawks. Away we go, the six mules cavorting, and biting at each other, but kept in line to the front, by the steady applications of the whip of our outrider, with the buckskin gear and fringes.

How I held on until we [*sic*] the first hour or so I am unable to say. I have only a vague recollection of sliding from side [*sic*], bumping against, or bumped by the mail-bags, or occasionally getting purchase with my feet against the tail board, and spreading out to grasp the reins at the side. The ride certainly afforded occupation within itself. After a time, however, with the more abrupt rising of the ground, our animals quieted down a little, and things became easier generally. And now it was that our ill speed for the day beset us again. For seeing at our left, a fine sage-hen, strutting among the brush, we become possessed one and all with the determination to have the fowl for supper. Charley hauling up, then, I dismounted and fired. I do not often miss so plain a mark at so short a distance. But see, it is not my familiar and well-loved pistol, but a substitute therefor, brass mounted and



coarse for the Dragoons—a weapon I thought would do for the route, and so—parted with my other, for a price. The bird, then, is lost, and whirrs off unharmed. It is at another point, however, that the greater interest centers, after my shot. The lead mules doubling short around, with the first crack of the pistol, jammed in against the middle pair, who, with the pressure, lifted at once their heels at each other, and made lively with the traces and swingle-tree. The near mule of the rear pair, tumbled bodily over to the right, across the poplar tongue, and under the belly of the off mule, who was taller than he. The off mule repaying the compliment, tumbled bodily to the left over the nigh mule;—and with this commingling of bodies, harness, hoofs, heels, and altogether, the rattling of chains, and crack of timber, coupled with the shouts and damning of Charley and the Mormon, were a scene with its series of sounds to be realized but under similar circumstances, in the Rocky Mountains, leagues on leagues from other civilization! It was some time, and not until after considerable actual risk and effort, that the crazed and frightened animals, could be gotten clear of their entanglements and complications, and the spans fairly separated from each other, and on their feet. But the tongue of the vehicle, the beautiful pole of poplar, yet green from its native fastness—it was broken and crushed into more than twenty fragments!

"Well, Charley, what next?" "Damned if I know, Captain—Foot it, perhaps, and lash the mail-bags on the mules." "But, hold on, Charley — there's your swingle-tree, between the middle pair. Suppose we whip out some cord—I've got a little in my bag—and lash on an extension of better material!" "Good lick, Captain, and we'll have it done in no time!" Whereupon, with application upon all hands, we soon had fast bound upon the stump of the poplar, our strong oak swingle, and with a little careful adjustment of gear at the front, the Mormon outrider mounted once more his animal, and we were ready for the road. Nigh to Pacific Springs,<sup>122</sup> a large wolf, perfectly black as to his face, lifted head and shoulders from the sage, and gazed at us with an interest seemingly lessened, since our recovery from the disaster, but with a general hungriness of aspect, notwithstanding. There were, however, sights in the way of an animal yet to be seen; and when now we ascended at set of sun, one of the last high rolling hills before you reach the sources of the Sweetwater—the springs

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<sup>122</sup>Pacific Springs, ten miles west of Gilbert's, was well known as a station at the summit of South Pass, on the Sweetwater.



that flow easterly to the Atlantic—Charley gazing with an air of surprise, at a white object upon the crest of the rise, exclaimed, "Why, sure enough, there's my old lead mule, that I turned out on the last trip. Thought the wolves had got *him* down long ago." "Nary a mule," said the Mormon, dropping back till he came abreast with us, that's a wolf, that is, and a big one, too,—you bet." The rays of the sinking orb of day, streaming golden from behind us, illumined the object above, and although, as the outrider had said, but a wolf, his figure loomed as it were, fairly to the proportions of the animal for which Charley had mistaken him. The dried and toughened hide of some broken down ox, left to his fate, at the roadside, by emigrants or others—had, in his pinched and ravenous hunger, attracted the beast, and as he reared himself as it were, from his grip at our side, he seemed, to my vision, certainly not less than full four feet in height. He was of the class of gray or more properly, white wolves, of these mountains, and, by his appearance and aspect, warranted the truth of the assertion of exceeding strength and ferocity. The white wolf is one of the few hereabouts to attack men singly. A specimen was encountered by one of the Sergeants of Gove's Company, during our winter at Bridger, and only the man's rifle saved him;—the wolf, in this case, measuring, I think, something over eight feet from snout to end of tail. The wolf before us, however, albeit sullenly, left his feast with our approach, and passed with a walk, slowly across our front, to the surface of a broad drift at the left, and here he quietly halted and turned to look upon us. Despite the accidents which had heretofore happened, the tall Mormon could<sup>128</sup> not resist the temptation to ride ahead, and discharge a shot from his revolver, at the grim and defiant enemy. The mules stood the shock—having, perhaps, their attention occupied. The bullet, as well, must have cut the wolf slightly, just above the fore-shoulder, as we thought we noted by a sudden wince upon his part. Otherwise, however, he stirred not, only lifting his lip, with the expression of a snarl, to disclose the fangs it covered, and remaining steadfast in his place. Passing on, as well, we left him—master, as we may suppose from his own point of view—of the situation. In the meantime, a smaller dark gray wolf, most probably the mate of the present one, sped away at a rapid rate, winding in and out through the brush, towards the higher grounds—still at the left. The drift upon which we had come,

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<sup>128</sup>The manuscript here begins Vol. 6, with the notation, "Copied to this point Sept. 5, '76."

although extending wholly across our course, was still sufficiently compact with its granulation, to allow our comparatively easy passage. So that, once over, we went forward again rejoicing, over better ground. Better, indeed, until some half hour later, when we encountered beyond and beneath the brow of the bench, leading to Sweetwater Station, a second mass [of snow], thirty feet in depth, if it was an inch. Just beyond this drift, and within the bottom, lay the comfortable hut, at which we expected to pass the night, but so far as mules or cart were concerned the barrier was imperative [*sic*]. For myself alone, favored by the increasing cold, which hardened momentarily the surface of the drift, I determined to attempt the passage. It would have been a piece of ill luck to go down into the depths of that chilling body of snow, but with care and circumspection, I got at last safely across. Charley and the Mormon, abiding by the farther bank, till they saw upon my part no further hazard, started now, with mules, mail cart and all, upon a detour some two miles around. In the meantime, roused by the shouts of the guidesmen, before and during my transit, a couple of other of the employees of the Mail Company, had emerged from the hut—greeting me on my arrival near the door. Within, a genuine cook-stove flung the glare of its opened dampers, while at its top sang their song of good things—the dinner kettles. This stove, it appears, was brought with its gear, as far as this point, by an emigrant from California, but his oxen giving out, was sold cheap to the mail-boys, to lighten the load. There was also in this hut, a Shoshone young Squaw, to assist in the cookery. So that, with herself and the regular cook—a young man of nervous temperament, and who talked a good deal, using as expressive of many meanings, the word “lalligag”—we were served, upon arrival of Charley and his companion, with a supper excellently well prepared, and bountiful. After which, a robe of buffalo, and a couple of gray blankets upon the ground, invited to the sound, deep sleep of the wayfarer in these mountains.

April 13, 1860

Touching hubbles, I do not remember ever to have encountered the like of those over which we passed, on leaving at this date Sweetwater Station, and faring, for the nonce, down along the bottoms of the stream. Granite-hard, they were, with the frosts of the previous night, and multitudinous as the studs upon the targe of Rhoderic Dhu. And the cart,

lifting uneasily one wheel after the other, or rising and descending with a pitch forward of both, kept up a series of rocks and jolts, fit to take the life from any mortal body. Charley sat upon the front edge, inclining to the right or left, or forward, or to the rear, like a machine in a socket, to indicate degrees from the perpendicular, while I braced myself and held on as I could—sometimes almost mistaking the Captain for one of the mail-bags, in its bouncings and poundings about. Out of all the incidents of this peculiar trip, no single one, of a minor character, has left upon me stronger impressions—and, as a party might say—more of them—than this transit of the hubbles.

Towards ten of the morning, we rose from the so-called level of the bottoms, for the passage of an extended and of what is known as "Rocky Ridge," or, in the vulgar, the "Devil's Backbone."<sup>184</sup> To say that we improved thus, somewhat the ground of our travel were to state a truth, admitting nevertheless, of certain qualifications. For the "Devil's Backbone," largely interspersed with outcropping low ridges of rock or, as it might be, vertebrae, gave us, at intervals, some jolts and pitches not to be despised or underrated. Yet, as nearly as I may now call it to mind, Charley said that, interspersed among these unwelcome ridges, sprung some of the finest grass of the whole region—superb for cattle and horses. It was, in fact, an old and favorite range of the buffalo, whose skulls and bones we could note, in evidence of their former presence. Towards the last, the hills become somewhat more rounded and smoother, and by about two p.m. we descend again to a second station upon the Sweetwater—to wit, Gilbert's.<sup>185</sup> The bottom hereabout lay grassy and beautiful, and nigh to the river banks, the willows sprang, displaying the tender green, and downy buds, or "pussies," as the children wont to call them, of the Spring. The station itself was also neatly and compactly built of logs—being, indeed, but a regular form of trading house, adapted by the mail people. Gilbert himself, was a young, civil and quiet man, but with marks of

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<sup>184</sup>Rocky Ridge Station, also known as St. Mary's, on the old South Pass.

<sup>185</sup>Gilbert's Station was the last crossing of the Sweetwater from north to south, where the Emigrant Trail at once climbed steeply into the South Pass. Much of the Oregon emigration did not cross the stream here, but kept on up the left or north bank for 15 miles before fording it and crossing the divide. The region was a favorite camping site. Ice Springs, Burnt Ranch, and Ft. Aspen Hut were all nearby stations at one time or another. Much of the California and nearly all of the Utah emigration, however, crossed the Sweetwater at the South Pass at Gilbert's Trading Station, and continued westbound to Pacific Springs.

a resolution and courage, needful to all inhabiting these wild, uncertain latitudes. Chiefest of all, however, was the discovery on alighting from our machine of torture, the presence at Gilbert's Station of one, John Hockaday, a Virginian, a former mail contractor, and, only a month or so since, one of Captain Heth's candidates—after Sharpe—for Sutler of the Tenth Regiment. With Hockaday, and indeed, in actual charge of him—for John was little better than in a condition of chronic tremens—was also a most genial and kindly second, by name, Doc Erwin.<sup>186</sup> And so, "How are you?" and "How are you?" and we soon formed a compact and united trio. Hockaday and Erwin, having preceded me by a stage, were now awaiting the arrival of the overdue team from the East—when we would continue forward together. Wolves, at this date, have been at a discount, for unusual as it may be hereabout, in the journey of a day, we saw not one.

#### April 14, 1860

The mail not having yet come up, we all bide over until tomorrow. Seated upon a bench, by the sunny side of Gilbert's Station, I note this morning a tall Eastern-looking man, with his arm in a sling, and, with the freedom of these regions, I enquire as to the cause of his disability. "A pistol shot. You see, Captain, there were two Frenchmen, mountaineers, who held an old grudge against a third Frenchman, stopping here at Gilbert's. A couple of weeks since, the two came into the post, and fell upon Jean, just out there, beyond the corner of the store. They got Jean down, and were pounding his head with a stone, when I interfered, for fair play. Whereupon the two came at me, and I shot one, and the other fired at me, putting his bullet here, just through my arm, as you see. The live Frenchman then made his break for the hills, leaving the dead one beside Jean, who also died within a short space from his injuries. We buried the two just beyond the bend of the river then, and that was the end of the scrape, except that here am I, unfit for anything for a month yet." This was in substance the man's story and reply. Doc Erwin and myself visited, and saw the mounds of fresh soil, indicating the graves of the two men killed. The incident, as well, furnishes us with a chapter of the law of the mountains; nor is it at all likely

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<sup>186</sup>"Doc Erwin" was probably Joseph C. Irwin, senior partner of Irwin, Jackman and Company, a freighting firm engaged in transporting army supplies. He later made his home in Kansas City.



anything further will ever be done, in the matter of the fight, or the slaying, of the two Frenchmen by the station of Gilbert, upon the Sweetwater.

A further illustration was however, in its degree—to take place, towards evening with the arrival of the mail from the East—thank fortune, in a good four-wheeled spring wagon, with promise of abundant accommodation for all. For, so it appeared, the driver of the incoming stage — a small, lean man—had been forthwith recognized by John Hockaday, as a party who, he insisted, had upon a certain former occasion, stolen some of his mules. Wroth with the recollection and identification, and yet further excited with the fumes of drinks, untold of number, Hockaday, upon my first notice of the matter, had possessed himself of two shoemaker's knives, from the stock of Gilbert, and stood in the door-way of the hut hatless, coatless, and with his hair abroad in a wild, insane manner, above his crimson face, upbraiding, and challenging then and there to mortal combat the presumed purloiner of his animals. The mail-boy who stood immediately in front, and within a pace of his accuser, protesting his innocence, shook literally, at the knees, in his terror, while Doc. Erwin, at a little distance, seemed to give up all for lost, and look for any momentary deadly result. What it was that at this instant influenced me to step between the parties, I am unable to say, and did not then stop to enquire. As I write the record now, the interference seems as though rash. But step between them I did, and with the act, the thought of a better appeal to the Virginian occurred to me. "Why Hockaday," said I, "you are nearly twice the weight of the boy, and it would be no fair showing to fight him. Size him for yourself, and see." The change in Hockaday was singularly instantaneous with this, and measuring from head to foot, and foot to head, with a sort of stage effect—the form of the shivering being before him, the real generosity of his nature became apparent. Casting, too, with a second demonstration, the knives aloof towards the brush, and declaring that what I said "was so," the late infuriated contractor abandoned the issue, and left the driver to get upon his occupation as he might. Neither was the latter slow to avail himself of the lapse, and, after a short interval, matters about assumed their more quiet aspect; while Doc Erwin came out, and declared I had done all parties a service not to be forgotten. Hockaday, retiring, took more whiskey, from what appeared a favorite blue keg, of the capacity of about two gallons, and was soon asleep, with

whatever dreams may visit the brain of the sodden inebriate.<sup>127</sup>

With the mail as it came up, had also appeared a little, stumpy contrary looking character, in a seedy black suit, who we were informed, was a Mormon Elder, upon his return journey from the States. Dinner, then—and a very good one—having been dispatched, and Charley coming forth from the East, the little Elder was to journey back with him. I felt a secret sort of delight with the thought of how that Mormon would be shaken up, and adjusted, and readjusted, with the trip he was about to undertake; and I am not certain but I would have contemplated with even satisfaction, the image of his body mashed to a pumice [*sic*] among the bags, and laid out for inspection, on its arrival at the Station left yesterday at the rear. Extended athwart the bags, and clawing hold at either side of the cart, he looked, as Charley turned with him toward the rise, like a spread eagle, with his wing-feathers badly moulted. With the Elder and Charley, disappeared also the taller Mormon, the fringe of his buckhides in full flow, as, from his mule, he waved the "Captain" a cheery and very cordial adieu.

Referring, in the presence of Gilbert, to the subject of furs, he took occasion to present me with a couple of extra fine large beaver skins, which it is my purpose, if practicable, to have tanned and softened, as a present to Sarah.

Gilbert also turned over to me in a bottle, a sample of blackish fluid, strongly impregnated with odor of petroleum, from what is denominated a "tar spring," not far away from the present station. No one may tell what value of any sort, lies hidden in the remoter nooks and corners of these but partially explored regions.<sup>128</sup>

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<sup>127</sup>In Hockaday's little keg were the bitter dregs of tragedy, not just the end of a drunken spree, as can be learned from contemporary newspapers from St. Joseph to San Francisco. As a Missouri law student, aged 21, he had induced influential friends to join him in a U. S. Mail contract. The firm, Hockaday & Liggett, was to carry the mails weekly from the Missouri River to Camp Floyd, Utah, in 22 days, for \$190,000 a year from 1858, for three years, to end in the spring of 1861. But by the spring of 1859 they had lost everything, by investing in men, animals and equipment sufficient to live up to the contract, instead of defaulting. The partners sold out in May, 1859, and spent a year trying to get a fresh start, while friends petitioned Congress to reimburse them. This was done in part a few years later, when they received \$40,000. Meanwhile, according to the *San Francisco Bulletin*, July 17, 1860, "Hockaday's mental faculties have been seriously affected by his pecuniary misfortunes, and Liggett's fortune is lost."

<sup>128</sup>Probably one of Wyoming's future oil wells, and the beginning of one of the biggest stories of the West.

April 15, 1860

The wagon arriving on yesterday with the mails, has been bedded down with blankets, red, white and blue, and is occupied at the base by Hockaday and Erwin. Abundant room still remains for my accommodation upon a seat, and in this train we set forth with many good-byes from Gilbert's. We follow mainly the bottom of the Sweetwater, noting ducks and geese as we pass, and having for companions at the rear a couple of wolves, who, with heads and tails down, jog along at about a dozen rods behind, as if they really expected something to give out, and themselves to be left the masters of the situation.

What with the effects of the dryer air, and the alkaline particles of the dust more or less in motion, my lips had become exceedingly sore, and finally cracked open, with a wide gash fairly separating—in the under-lip, the right from the left lobe. On arrival however, at our station for dinner, at the old "Three Crossings"<sup>139</sup> of the Sweetwater in the neighborhood of "Independence Rock," an English woman thereat, our hostess, took in hand my difficulties, and by the application of some delicate soap with tepid water, and the after binding together of the whole lip with some genuine "London" Court Plaster, so relieved and soothed all irritation, that I was fain to pay her a dollar in gold, then and there. Erwin, finding out the secret, placed himself also under the hands of the English woman, and then Hockaday came in—the fees in each case being liberal, and the relief almost complete. I hardly know, indeed, what we would have done, except for this bit of fortunate treatment, for we were a sight to see, as well as being incommoded in the very matter of sustenance. To the woman, also, who was a Mormon, let me enter this tribute of real gratitude and praise. Just short of the Three Crossings, our wolvish followers drop out for the time being. Dinner of wild goose, with actual sauce of apple.

During the afternoon we pass the locality of the camp of the Tenth, opposite "Split Rock,"<sup>140</sup> or "Gap in the Mountain," sketched by me, Sept. 18, '57. Soon after sunset, we reach also and pass the "Devil's Gate"—looming in grim

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<sup>139</sup>Three Crossings is located 57 miles south of Lander, Wyoming, and is the scene of one of Buffalo Bill Cody's colorful exploits of later years. Cf. *Wyoming* (American Guide Series), p. 316.

<sup>140</sup>Split Rock, 12 miles beyond Three Crossings, was so named from a massive, cleft upthrust of igneous rock. Here, in 1862, the Shoshone Indians, raiding the "Holy Road," killed a Negro cook.



savagery at our left. Subsequently again, we go by, or rather around, Independence Rock, rising into air like a monster monument of granite. Nor is it until two o'clock at night, that we reach Sweetwater Bridge, at which point, after a supper of the flesh of the antelope, though with less fire than would have been agreeable, we bestow ourselves for slumber, till break of day.

April 16, 1860

We see today some magnificent bands of antelope, one of which took an attitude upon a rock at our right, the spirit of his figure, against the sky, reminding us of the carvings upon the old Swiss clocks.

At a brief distance upon our right we note also today the shimmer of what appeared a field of broken ice, as it appears in shallow spots, when the water has been absorbed, or has sunk away from beneath it. We learn, however, that it is not ice, but *saleratus*, left nearly pure, upon the surface of the ground, by the evaporation of the water of these localities. Procuring a little delay for the purpose, I descended from the wagon, and filled with the deposit the tin box forming a case for my goggles—as a trophy for some savant of the East. Doc Erwin said the presence of so much *saleratus* was perhaps the cause of the extraordinary “rise” in these hills. Hockaday, however, was too far gone with the contents of the sky-blue keg to heed the quip.

There are wolves, also, to keep company upon our track again today. They start out of a sudden from nooks or clefts of rocks or perhaps from their holes in the open ground, and follow with a perseverance that would surprise one, were it not proverbial. “The long gallop which can tire the deep hound’s hate, the hunter’s fire”—saith Byron.

During the day, we reach the point of junction of the Sweetwater with the South Platte. A neat looking dwelling of cottonwood had been constructed since the passage of the Tenth in this direction, and hereat we have sardines and so forth by way of lunch. By five p.m. we pass Red Buttes,<sup>141</sup> (sketched Sep. 14, '57 from camp). At a little past sunset, we make also the new Bridge of the Platte. Some twenty Indian Lodges were visible near by to the “adobie” at which we

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<sup>141</sup>Red Buttes, 5 miles from the North Platte, on the Laramie Plains, are two high bluffs of red earth or sand presenting a triangular and interesting appearance.



halted for supper, and, entering, the braves stood leaning against the walls, or squatting in the rich blaze of the fire-light at the far end of the room, with the aspect of figures in bronze, which had been there for centuries. It was, so far as any sign of life or stir stood concerned on their part, like opening up the images of some ancient tomb. A hint, however, somewhat emphatic, and coupled with a "damn" of some sort, from the proprietor of the place, who now entered, soon put motion into the limbs of the warriors and presently, we had both the room and the welcome warmth of the fire to our own party. Supper, of a New England sort, was in the next room soon served by a couple of New England women, and the light of their faces was a cheer to our hearts. We realize the value and attraction of women, if in no other way, by their absence.

But we are not to rest over tonight; and supper being dispatched, the cry of "stage ready," soon summons us forth into the thickening dark, and, we leave adobies and their fires to Indians or whomsoever will, and take once more to the road. No one knows how much he sleeps or does not sleep, during a night of travel of this sort; and the only recollections left upon his mind are usually of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory description. I can remember of joltings, and hitchings, and climbings up, and draggings down, while through all there comes the sense of a darkness that you might cut with a knife, and an occasional gurgling and odor, beyond doubt from the sky-blue keg of Hockaday, there, upon his blankets—at the bottom of the vehicle. But by sun-up we reach Box Elder, and have, for our cheer, a breakfast worthy the name. Doc Erwin also purchases for general contingencies, a fine leg of dried or "jerked" elk meat. Box Elder would appear at this juncture, to be the headquarters of divers parties, prospecting for what may turn up; and I observed, by their conversation, that their notions of law and justice were not inconsistent, with those held at large in these regions. It was at Box Elder, indeed, and but a few weeks since agreeably to a tale by one of the sojourners hereat, that a party found by a jury of his fellow-citizens to be guilty of mule-stealing, had been summarily executed, by hanging—a couple of wagon tongues, elevated from their front wheels, and lashed at top, forming the neat and sufficient derrick, or gallows, whereon to do the judgment—the culprit depending at the end of a lariat, as a species of central figure, between the two outer lines of an isoceles triangle. Some broad masses of old

ice, battered and gullied by the freshets of the spring, and lodged high among the cottonwoods by the stream, show that, for the present, at least, frosts have lost their hold in the hill country—promising therefore a more comfortable progress for our party. Ninety good miles we are yet to achieve before reaching Laramie Fort.

April 17, 1860

Our ride today extends through the "Black Hills" proper, which may here be said to commence. By noon we halt at La Bonte stream—twenty-six miles out from Box Elder, and graced by the presence—beside the hut of the station—of three Indian lodges. It was a matter of some regret that the antelope for dinner was rather spoiled in the cooking, but more serious to us that the mules due for the next stage on, evading all pursuit or effort, refuse persistently to be caught. To say that our mail-boys—of which we now had two—swore with the contingency, would be to wholly understate matters—they simply stormed and raved. When, too, at full three o'clock of the afternoon, the obstinate reprobates of the long ears had been fairly laid hold upon, and put in harness, at their places, they were yet so wild and restive, that results, in the future as to the mail wagon and its mails and even its passengers, became somewhat a problem. "And now Jeff," said the driver-in-chief to his companion, "You look out for the brakes, and mind what I tell ye, and I'll guide 'em out." A broad gully excoriated from the soil by the Spring freshets, and spread with stumps and cobbles, lay immediately before us on quitting the hut, which at the center of the gully ran the stream—yet wrothful and rapid, but not deep. "Let 'em go!" and with the word, the man at the heads of the leaders loosed his hold, and with a rear and a plunge the animals bounded forward. Hockaday's sky-blue keg—mainly empty—cavorted in the air; Doc Erwin, rolled from side to side among his blankets, and with all the tenacity of which I was capable, I held to my grip upon the seat—which seemed to leap and bound, as in judgment against me, from beneath. Then came the plunge and swash in the water, and shortly, the tear and strain of the mules in ascent of the bank opposite. Clearing the La Bonte, with its rocks and banks, our drive became smoother, and we ascended a species of divide, which afforded so lengthened and steady a track, that the teams, settled gradually to their work, and became fully tractable

Our driver, now, who was of a free-and-easy sort of musical turn, whiled the way, and edified his comrade, with a song of which he had lost the more important portions and could only remember the "mush-a-too," "mush-a-too" of the chorus, with the single line of "The first thing they gave me, it was a long gun." "Mush-a-too, Mush-a-too," etc. Inasmuch, however, as the boy continued to chant, in his drowsy way over and over, the "Mush-a-too," he may be said to have made up in repetition what he lacked in general text. Yet in my mind, again, there rose, with this jumble of sounds, the image of one, Cunningham, a journeyman painter, who in my 'prentice days, used to sing, of a Sunday afternoon, in Wilger's upper back shop, the original of the very song the lad was striving with. Cunningham chewed a good deal of tobacco, and, as he sang, the juice would frequently ooze from the corners of his mouth. This was our verse—but I didn't communicate it:

"O, I kicked off my brogues, and shook hands with my spade,  
"And off to the fair, like a dashing young blade;  
"I met with the Sergeant, he asked me to 'list,  
"With yer grammachree, cushmalee—lend us yer fist"  
Mush-a-too, mush-a-too," etc.

Then—"the first thing they gave me it was a long gun," etc., though how the song came out in the end, I have really forgotten myself. With the closing in of night, black as any ink, we came upon less desirable ground. The ridge narrowed at parts with occasional cropping out of rocks, and pine and cedar rose in irregular array at the right and left. Finally, we lost the track, and from sheer inability to recover any known point, left the course to the mules. They were tame enough by this time, for they were weary—while with the instinct of their kind, they seemed to thread the mazes before them, taking at last to a series of descents which we could not anticipate by seeing in advance, but could only know of by going down, but which nevertheless, in spite of apprehensions, brought us by about ten o'clock, upon the road leading straight along the bottom, to the station by the Platte. We had here no supper beyond that which we provided for ourselves, for the bacon was out, and nothing remained but the flour we could not cook. The haunch, then, of dried elk, together with some tea from my bag, proved of worthy acceptance—the mail-boys themselves, "Mush-a-too," and all, sharing with us.



April 18, 1860

With the very gray of dawn, this morning, Erwin, Hockaday and myself, lying in a sprawl upon our buffalos, on the floor of the hut, there entered at the door a stumpy built Frenchman, or voyageur of the mountain class, who called to Hockaday, and invited him to come up to his lodge, for breakfast. Hockaday slept fast; Erwin answered not, and although sensible of the presence of the man, as of what he said, I delayed the introduction of myself, until suddenly, the Frenchman faced about, and left us as we were. With the rising of the sun, I was upon my feet, and remembering the night before, went to look for the voyageur—named Reynolds. I found him, but he had become so indignant with the want of response from Hockaday, that he had struck his lodge, and was already moving out squaws, ponies and all—according to the stated paraphernalia of the voyageur of this ilk. Wherefore we were thrown back upon the haunch and the tea, but with appetites coming faithfully to our aid we survived the contingency. Halting at the station farther on by twenty-six miles, we are treated to fresh fish newly caught, and with Indians to gaze upon us through the opened door, during the meal. As a finish and dessert, a can of preserved peaches is brought forward. Striking once more into the hills, we make good time, and by about two in the afternoon enter upon the parade at Laramie Fort.

Our delay is brief, embracing only the time sufficient for change of mails — say twenty minutes. In the meantime I report through Lieut. Smith of the 2nd Infantry, and scrape acquaintance with Captain Raynolds,<sup>142</sup> of the Engineers, now engaged in an exploration about the headwaters of the Yellowstone. At a cut in the road, a short distance this side the fort, we note the ground of massacre of some mail-riders, a few years ago, by the Sioux. At Branvar's station nine miles

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<sup>142</sup>Captain W. F. Raynolds, commissioned to explore the Yellowstone area in 1859, employed Jim Bridger as one of his scouts. He had encircled the Yellowstone region that year too late to enter the Park on account of snow; hence he wintered near Deer Creek, Wyoming, on the Overland Road to Oregon, about where Glenrock, Wyoming, is now located. The party was making preparations to depart by pack train for the Wind River Country for further explorations when Tracy came along, and found Raynolds temporarily at Fort Laramie on business connected with his outfit. Raynolds is the author of the valuable *Report of Exploration of the Yellowstone*, 40th Cong. 1st Sess. Ex. Doc. No. 77, February 13, 1866 (Washington, D.C., 1866). An account of the expedition is given in Alter, *James Bridger*, pp. 329-379.



from Laramie, and immediately by the grounds of Grattan's massacre, we halt for the night.<sup>148</sup> The grass is on fire along the horizon at the East, and the display magnificent.

### April 19, 1860

From Branvar's Station, down the Platte, past Scott's Bluffs, and to Chimney Rock—sixty-five miles. And all the way through rain—which has wet completely through our doubled blankets, and rendered us thoroughly uncomfortable. We have for a bed the ground floor of the 'dobie hut, and at morning for a bill, two-dollars and a half. The proprietor of this hut is a loss to larger establishments, we could name.

### April 20

Chimney Rock stands boldly up to greet us at this date, and in the distance glow in the renewed sunlight a long and castellated [*sic*] line indicating the Bluffs of Scott. But we move mercilessly away—glad soon to put behind us the whole locality—landlord of hut inclusive. Striking southward, after ten or fifteen miles along the river, we enter upon elevated prairie land, forming a famous range for the buffalo. Near to every ravine or spring, we may note, like the centering strands to a spider-web, the trails of the herds, cut deep into the soil—forming, indeed, actual little channels. At the right and left, as well, are scattered, whitening in the sun, the bones and massive skulls of the noble brutes—showing for years and years, the work of the hunter—white or red. Formations of sand rock, similar to Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluffs, loom up at points more or less remote—chiselled by the storms of centuries, and towered and battlemented, like the fortresses of an older clime. Antelope we also note in bands, circling about, or halting in the distance, to gaze upon us. At a hut or station built up of sods alone by Mead Springs, we draw up at noon, for water for the animals. It will be twenty-four miles to next water. A tall, hairy man is in possession, and observing some loops or holes at the side of the hut, I asked him what they were for. He explained that the antelope came about a good deal, and he had only to thrust forth and keep in motion a rammer with a bit of red flannel on it, and the antelope—impossible to pursue and run down—would grad-

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<sup>148</sup>On Aug. 19, 1854, Lt. John Grattan, accompanied by a force of 28 men, attempted to arrest an Indian, accused of theft. This led to a collision with the tribe, and the killing of Grattan and his entire command.

ually circle closer with the decoy—meeting at last his death with a rifle shot. “And so, you Captain,” said the hairy man, “I allers has plenty of meat.” Striking at evening Lodge Pole Creek, we halt over for the night. There is in the house, no food but antelope and flour, while to the antelope there is no seasoning but mustard. We get up a stew however, and set off tender flesh of the animal with balls of duff. I had learned at Bridger, that although, according to Dickens’ little “Marchioness,” if you “made believe very much” you could imagine water with a little lemon peel in it, punch, yet there was no effort of the mind which could stand against the plain fact of no salt upon your meat. Wherefore I did, as did the others, the best with simple mustard—piling it on till the tears flowed as it were—in sympathy for the loss of the more grateful condiment. The repast over, I took a gun and went down the creek a little distance, to get a duck. The ducks were too early on the wing for me, but I saw a wolf, and got in several shots at muskrat, which were swimming about with the sunset, thick as water-spiders.

April 21, 1860

From Lodge Pole Creek, twenty-four miles Southeasterly, to the crossing of the South Platte being at a point some twenty-five miles, above where we crossed on the march up, in '57. The water is well up to the body of the wagon, and the driver fears quicksand, with his mules, but nothing of accident befalls [*sic*] us, and we ascend the opposite bank in the best possible case. A wooden structure has been put up of late at this point—for lo! gold has been found at Pike's Peak, and we have tapped thereto the direct line of travel. Faces of strangers, too, not mountaineers, throng about, while in the yards and drawn up beside the road, are vehicles—buggies and the like, not wonted to be seen hereaway. Pork and beans, too, unqualified, for dinner! Not bacon, nor anything else dried, jerked, or smoked. Verily, we are getting towards the land of another people.

As a display for the edification of “guests” upon the porch of the “hotel”—that is, that is what they call it now—our departure soon after dinner—could hardly have been more effective. To ourselves, however, it had its drawbacks, for the driver at front, was wild as a hawk with whiskey, and as a first demonstration, put his equally wild mules upon a circle in front of the hostelry [*sic*] and in hard gallop at that. Hock-

aday—sodden as ever he was, with a new installment for the sky-blue keg—raised bodily up from his blankets, in alarm. Doc Erwin looked at me with his eyes popped clean out, while, for my own part, I had determined on seizing behind, the drunken loon in charge, and pinning fast his arms, until some of us could get control. I asked Doc, if he'd stand by me, and he said "Yes." At the moment, however, John having managed to come to a stop, "Mush-a-too"—who was to have left us here, got up beside him and took the reins, and we knew in whose hands we were.

All along the bank of the Platte, as far as eye could stretch, we began soon to encounter the tide of emigrants, setting towards Pike's Peak. Of all stations in life, young, and old and middle-aged, they continued to throng in a desultory crowd, and you might have imagined some city in the distance smitten with a pest, and these, the people, fleeing from it. In all sorts of vehicles, too—those who were not on foot, and with every form of Ox-cart, handcart, wagon, pack-horse, or mule for conveyance of goods and chattles. One enthusiastic and sturdy wayfarer trudged steadily along behind a wheel-barrow. With nightfall we still continued to meet this torrent, and at the log-hut where we halt for supper, they throng by scores—hungry as ourselves. A cook-stove adorns the inner room of the hostelry in question, and the voices are heard of women from the East. Clean white crockery—and not tin—upon the table, and, what we have not seen for a long time, a tablecloth—snowy as in the days of yore. At O'Fallon's Bluff, we make halt for the night.

#### April 22, 1860

From O'Fallon's Bluffs—still encountering the emigrants—we continue forward both through the day and night—reaching towards sunrise, a station near Fort Kearney. Being unwell, I lie down at the hut, while the mail is driven to the Fort, and the exchange bags brought out. Continuing forward we breakfast, in a comfortable way by the Little Blue [River].

#### April 23

Our Anniversary. The grass is getting green, and the leaves are springing upon the trees, and making the Big Blue by a little past noon, we are served with an excellent meal, and find ourselves furthermore treated to a full chorus of black-birds. And still the streams of emigrants, till night closing in upon us even their white-topped wagons become invisible.

By morning we reach and breakfast at Nemehaw—a village beside the stream of that name, and which since our absence, has sprung up upon the site of one of our camps.

April 24, 1860

We make good time today, and on the green prairie, the ride becomes exhilarating [*sic*]. A very nice dinner at a sort of farm place, with sweet milk and a custard. By about 5 p.m. we reach the outskirts of Atchison, encountering, in addition to all others upon the route, a train of oxtteams for the plains. Leaning outward from each other in the yoke, and toiling along at their slow, dragging pace, it did seem as if those teams would never get anywhere. Entering, however, in style, the City, we put up at a genuine brick hotel, and register in due form. But before repairing to my room for my bath, and nightly rest, I telegraph Sarah at Washington, that I am past the mountains, and as good as home again!

April 25

Leave Atchison at 4 a.m. Cross the Missouri and enter once more a railroad car—ticketed onward for St. Louis, at which city arrive at 10 at night. See Lieutenant Ruggles at hotel "Planters," as I register. He says I have changed since we last saw each other at Detroit in '55. I look in the glass, and truth to say, with the wear of service and travel, as coupled with some gray hairs by my temples—I do feel—older! Albeit not yet past hoping.

April 27

An outfit of citizen's clothing seem imperative, for even if my uniform were in style in these localities, it is so worn and battered, so rough and coarse of grain, compared with that I see about me, that I can no longer forego the conclusion. A shop of respectable pretensions, supplies the deficiency, and I return, scarcely recognizing this Captain of Infantry. \$48 is what the new suit cost—a great deal of money. Report at Departmental Hd. Qrs. and see Captain Seth Williams, of the Adjutant General's Department—Lieutenant Kearny<sup>14</sup> of the 10th calls to see me, and is very anxious to know where the different companies of the regi-

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<sup>14</sup>Lt. William Kearney, of New York, commissioned March 3, 1855.



ment are to be stationed, on leaving Camp Floyd—agreeably to the orders recently passed by us on the route in. Lieutenant Kelly is also here, and takes me to see his family. Both these officers on leave—Kelly arriving by way of a trip round to California—Leave at 6 in the evening for Cincinnati and Washington. Meet in the cars Major Burbank, and bunk with him for the night. Get also acquainted with a member of Congress, who tells all, he is going on to attend to some business for Heth, and get a friend of his appointed Sutler. Now, of all the men in the world, I am the last this member of Congress should have divulged this secret to. For is it not through our contest in the Council of the Tenth, that Heth's friend (Sharpe, or Hockaday), has been defeated? Of course, then, I will have to look after this matter a bit, and see if there be anything yet for Miller—this, I believe, being fair, under the circumstances. Hockaday, with the sky-blue keg, and the kindly, genial Erwin, I left—or rather parted company with, at Atchison.

#### April 28, 1860

Birthday, and forty-two years of age! Cincinnati, Columbus, and all—they glide past us and we are at night at Bellaire, Ohio—where we halt over, at a very pleasant hotel.

#### April 29

Being Sunday, and Sunday being in the regions in which I now find myself, a day of rest, no trains now, at least until 4 p.m. By consequence, I drag along as best I may, lacking even the excitement of the ruder parts of the journey. By 4 p.m. the dullness of the town is somewhat relieved by the stampeding of some cattle overboard, from a ferry boat on which they were crossing from the Virginia side. Nor do I perceive but that the population at large—who assemble with alacrity by the wharves and river bank—enjoy the snorting and struggling of the animals in the stream, quite as fully as if it were a good and true week day. We delay a while after crossing the river, but finally get off upon our last important stage for Washington.

#### April 30

Arriving at Washington by about 8 in the morning, I proceed to 222 "I" Street, where I greet Sarah, after a separation of nearly three years. See also, for the first time, my little son, Parris—born August, 1857.

This poem which appeared in *Kirk Anderson's Valley Tan* was probably written by Captain Tracy. It was dated Camp Floyd, September 20, 1859.

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Feb. 1, 1860

For the *Valley Tan*

### OUR CAMP

Gray, gray, gray,  
The hills and the spreading plain;  
Gray, gray, gray,  
Shall we never see green again?  
The green of the springing grass,  
Or the nodding, ancient trees,  
With the living streams that softly pipe,  
To the pleasant meadow breeze?

Sage, sage, sage,  
There were Sages in old time,  
But a sage from all to "take the rag,"  
Is the sage of our mountain clime!  
Dense as the wool that lies  
On the pate of a darkey old.  
Death-in-life and life-in-death  
And it's oh to cut it—cold.

Sand, sand, sand,  
Full many a form lies hid  
'Neath Egypt's drifts, that bury fast  
Temple and pyramid.  
But, future deliver here,  
Striking our 'dobie range,  
Remember we had for Egypt swapped,  
If only for the change.

Oh, well for the lizard gray,  
That he fleeth our fierce array;  
Oh, well for the snake that quits  
His skin at our bugle's bray;  
But, ponder as ponder may,  
Nor snake nor lizard shall guess,  
Why we hither came, or e'er  
Made spoil of his wilderness.

That mighty King of France  
    With twenty thousand men  
Who once marched up the hill  
    At least marched down again  
One grand ascent achieved,  
    I prithee, to me say,  
Had we got here so nigh to heaven  
    We need must ever stay.

Great is the town of Frog,  
    Where reigneth Barley-corn;  
Where we barter cares at night,  
    For the head-ache of the morn;  
Where "hushed in grim repose,"  
    The Tiger waits his prey—  
And the prey steals in—but the Frog, oh Frog,  
    Thy joys may never pay!

Beyond those grizzley rocks,  
    That all our vale inhedge,  
(Hard leaves of Nature's book,  
    By the earthquake left on edge.)  
Even past yon snowy peaks,  
    All peppered down with pines,  
Behold the Christian land,  
    And the sun that Christian shines!

Gray, gray, gray,  
The hills and the desert plain;  
    Shall we grow like these lizards gray,  
    Ere our eyes see green again?  
The green of that Christian land  
    Far past each barrier hoar,  
Where earth abides, and sage is not;  
    And the Mormon comes no more!

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